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## Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

### *THE NEGRO QUESTION.*

THE *status* of the negro is becoming now the subject of discussion in various parts of the country. It seems to us of no use to argue that it is a question of local jurisdiction. The Abolitionists have the same reasons for discussing it as they had for discussing slavery. It is true that one cannot see how it is the business of Illinois or Kansas to determine the right of negroes to vote in New York without a property qualification, but discussion is free and people will discuss. We cannot have laws forbidding it in this country. As the law now stands the subject belongs to the several States to determine, each for itself, and it will probably be a subject of more or less difference of opinion for years to come. It was always a more serious question than the slavery question, for it was the subject which involved the slavery question, as the greater includes the less. And as it is now discussed, people will begin to see more plainly the truth of this. It is possible for *castes* to exist in any country, but not probable that they can exist in a republic without causing difficulty and differences. In monarchies they may be part of the system of government and help to strengthen the system. In republics they must be weakening in their effects. It is of no use to argue that the difference between whites and blacks is founded on prejudice. That argument has no more weight than it would have in an African country, where the blacks regarded themselves as superior to the whites. The prejudice, if it be one, exists, and is as important an element in the question as would be a manifest mental or physical difference in the equality of races. Prejudices, when they are common to a whole people, or a large portion of them, are serious matters in politics, and not to be disregarded.

If the question were simply what shall be the *status* of the negro, and all men were open to conviction on the subject, seeking light and wisdom from discussion, then there might be hope of arriving at a solution of the difficulty. But it presents itself now in a different form. The advocates of the equality theory present the distinct claim of equal political rights on behalf of the negro. Of course this is running a tilt against the so-called prejudice, and of course it meets and, if persisted in, must conquer or be conquered by the prejudice. There is no compromise ground, because equal political rights in a country like ours involve equal social rights. For social rights are the subject of law, and result to a great extent from the existing laws of the country. Take a plain example. The freedom of public conveyances to all passengers is regulated by law. Equal political rights to the negro would secure his right to a seat in any public conveyance, and the laws relating to common carriers would protect him as much as a white man. But the laws go a step farther. Americans use hotels and public inns more than any other nation. The law requires the keeper of a hotel to give lodging and food to any respectable traveller, so long as there is room for him; and the same principles would extend to state-rooms on steamers. As a necessity, the equality of rights would demand and secure the right of the negro to share the cabin of the steamer, the parlor and dining-table of the hotel, and even the state-room or the bed-room of the white man. For in many parts of the country it is the custom to place more than one traveller in the same room, and the hotel which has beds unoccupied must receive the decent guest. The advocates of equality think that it only needs to introduce the law of equal rights and the prejudice will give way before it. But there is possibly an error in this idea. Even Massachusetts has held pretty strongly to the prejudices in past times, and holds them still with a remarkable degree of tenacity. And we should not be surprised to see the question which was raised and rioted about in Philadelphia, of equal rights in public conveyances, transferred to hotels and theatres and other places of public resort. For there does not seem to be any intermediate ground on which the *status* of the negro can be satisfactorily settled. It must be decided that he is inferior or that he is equal to the white man, politically and socially. If inferior, the law must recognize his inferiority.

It is perhaps suggested by some one that hotels might be opened exclusively for whites and others exclusively for blacks. But this is just what the equality people refuse to agree to. They are not content at the furnishing of first-class rail cars exclusively for negroes. They would not be content with a hotel table exclusively for negroes, though it were much better and more elegant than the table for whites. The trouble in churches has been, not that negroes could not have pews, and as good pews as any one else, but that the churches insisted on confining them to one exclusive locality. It was no answer to tell them that the whites were excluded from the colored quarter. The replied, "Oh, the whites don't wish to go into the negro pews, and we do wish the negro to go into theirs," and in reality the idea of negro equality has not been pressed by its advocates so much for the purpose of securing that equality in public rights, as to secure the right of interminglings with the whites. In hotels the claim will be urged not for as good a room as the white man has, and as good a dinner, but for the same room and the same dinner.

We have said thus much on the subject without arguing the question on either side, in order that our readers may see the phases of the question. But if asked for our advice we should respectfully advise that it be let alone and not made a subject of wrangling or dispute. Above all let it, if possible, be kept out of politics. It will settle itself in time, one way or the other, if let alone. But will it be let alone? That is the question.—*Journal of Commerce, May 25.*

### *CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE, THE GREAT NEGRO WORSHIPPER.*

WE of the *Herald* are no worshippers of the negro. Outside of religion the only thing we worship is the Constitution of the United States. According to the Constitution, the question of negro suffrage is left to the several States, and there we are content to leave it. When the negro shall have shown his capacity to vote by his good conduct under the severe test of sudden emancipation, we shall be in favor of extending to him the privilege of suffrage. But, when it is extended, it must be extended in a constitutional manner. New York allows the negro to vote upon certain conditions, and the right of the States to impose these conditions, each for itself, has never been questioned by any sound statesman. Indeed, the most radical Abolitionists have not yet ventured to question it, although they now exhibit every disposition to begin the attack. While, therefore, we have no objection to negro suffrage whenever the masses of the race show themselves worthy of it, we insist that the matter shall be settled constitutionally. Our position in regard to the question is one with which no honest, intelligent man can differ, and we are satisfied that it is the position of President Johnson and his Administration. The social *status* of the negro is, of course, quite another affair.

These things being so, we cordially sympathize with the popular indignation at the degradation of the ermine worn by Chief-Justice Chase during his electioneering tour among the canebrakes of South Carolina. If Mr. Chase feels himself unfitted for the office of Chief-Justice, if he knows himself to be incompetent to discharge its duties and meet its responsibilities, he can tender his resignation, which will be at once accepted. But while he holds the office he is morally bound not to disgrace it. The office is a sublime one, and the illustrious predecessors of Mr. Chase appreciated its dignity and importance. We can imagine Chief-Justice Marshall shuddering with indignation in his grave as he sees the Chief-Justiceship transformed into a temporary refuge for a restless politician who uses its high prerogatives to prosecute his plans for securing a Presidential nomination, careless whether or not those plans may involve the country in a sanguinary social war. The circular letter sent to the West by Mr. Chase reveals what his purposes are, and his stumping tour among the Southern negroes develops the means by which he hopes to succeed. He intends, if possible, to be our next President, and he expects to accomplish this by means of the ultra radical and, perhaps, the free negro vote. This vote he desires to gain through the agitation of the negro suffrage question, as a sort of appendix to the abolition question. We oppose this lamentable scheme, not because we believe that it has the slightest prospect of success, so far as Mr. Chase is concerned, but because of the degradation of the Chief-Justiceship in being thus dragged through the mire of politics, and because of the dreadful consequences which may follow such an agitation as the Chief-Justice has commenced.

The relations between the whites of the South and the recently freed negroes are naturally most delicate. It will require the ablest statesmanship to reconcile both these classes to their new conditions and to prevent a collision between them. The negroes cannot be transformed from slaves to freedmen in a day, without great danger of the most determined antagonism between them and their former masters. We see that danger cropping out in the plot which has just been discovered among the negro troops in Memphis to assassinate the paroled rebel soldiers. So intent were the negroes upon this savage and foolish revenge that they attempted to overpower the white troops guarding them; a serious conflict ensued, and the riot was not quelled until about twenty negroes were killed or wounded. The same passion exists among all the freed negroes of the South as among the negroes at Memphis. The barbarity of the native African is by no means extinct in the emancipated slave. To free a negro is not of itself sufficent to educate him to enjoy his freedom aright, and to employ and improve it as he ought. Between this true freedom and his former state of slavery is a period of transition, which is also a period of danger. The vices of slavery remain; the virtues of freedom are not yet acquired. The negro beholds his late master delivered into his hand. He finds the great government which once assisted in keeping him a slave now arrayed against slaveholders, because slaveholders have been rebels. The temptation for him to use the lash, the knife, and the bullet upon those who were his oppressors is quite obvious, and his inclination is to yield to the temptation. On the other hand, the white race at the South resents the negro's claim to equality as a presumption, and is all the more aggravated because of its own ruined fortunes, the disturbance of the old system of labor, and the evident preference given to the blacks on account of their real, assumed, or interested loyalty. Thus both sides are ready for a terrible conflict, and only the nicest statesmanship can avert the catastrophe.

At this crisis, and while the government is considering how to solve this difficult and important problem, Chief-Justice Chase visits the South. He comes ostensibly to establish or re-open the United States courts, although his presence for such an object is entirely superfluous and unnecessary. Really, and without extenuation, he comes as a firebrand to precipitate a conflict which it is his solemn duty to prevent. Without delay he sets himself up as an authority outside of the government, and, therefore, in opposition to the government; for during such crises he who is not with us is against us. Knowing the immense gravity which attaches to his words on account of the position he occupies, he calls together two or three thousand blacks, and does not hesitate to suggest doubts of the policy of the Administration towards them, adding the significant sneer that he—the great negro-worshipper—is "no longer in its councils." In the very face of the Constitution he announces that he "knows no reason" why the privilege of suffrage may not be at once and universally given to the blacks, thus pre-deciding a constitutional question which may possibly be brought before the Supreme Court for its decision. It is bad enough for the Chief-Justice to volunteer these semi-judicial opinions; but it is worse for him to volunteer them for political purposes, going into the market to bid for negro votes against the persons who arrested ex-Governor Aiken, because that Southern loyalist had thirty thousand dollars worth of silver plate and twenty thousand bottles of old wine in his cellar. Is Mr. Chase ignorant of the horrors of St. Domingo? Is he mindful of the fact that those horrors arose, not from the actual proclamation of freedom, but from the efforts to re-adjust the *status* of the emancipated blacks? Ignorantly or wilfully, he is provoking a new social war between the races of the South. His words are incendiary, and they embarrass the government. Instead of being at his post of duty at Washington, to assist in the trial of the assassination conspirators, he is electioneering among possible voters for suffrages which my yet be denied them. With all our respect for the office he holds, we cannot forbear rebuking such proceedings in the strongest terms. Indeed, our respect for the Chief-Justice's ermine renders us the more impatient with him who bedraggles and disgraces it.—*New York Herald, May 24.*

## Selections.

### *TENNESSEE BLACK CODE.*

A BILL has passed the Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature to enact a black code, which looks very much like a measure to retain slavery under another name, or as if it was designed to vent the spite of the masters against the freedmen. In a few features the bill provides for making operative on free people of color certain laws enacted for whites, such as the poor laws—giving them, however, a separate poor-house, and with a provision for returning them to other States, which looks like a fugitive slave law—the laws of marrige, divorce and bastardy; but in most of the regulations of society it makes a separate caste of the free blacks, providing various exclusions and disabilities, and a different criminal code for their punishment.

Among these, it disqualifies blacks from bearing witness against whites—a provision which can have no other rational purpose than to permit whites to outrage blacks with impunity. To secure this gratification of negro phobia, it deprives whites of justice in cases where a black is the only witness. We know of no feature of the white hostility to the blacks so senseless as this. Others are merely brutal and oppressive to the blacks. They give vent to a mean and tyrannical disposition. This, to show spite at the negroes, deprives the whites of the benefit of the evidence of blacks who may be the only witnesses of the wrong.

There are many persons who are not credible witnesses; as many, we presume, among the whites as the blacks. The only rational way is to leave the question of their credibility to the jury, and to the test of examination. Distinctions of witnesses by color are absurd, and they violate the very fundamental principle of justice.

The crime of rape by a black person is made punishable with death, while when committed by a white there is a lighter penalty. There is no reason for this distinction. The blacks have been the victims, not the perpetrators of this crime, and on the part of whites it was not thought a crime. Let extraordinary severity be applied where it is needed.

The blacks are made subject to a surveillance which regards them as *prima facie* vagrants with no rights that a white man is bound to respect. It ordains fine, imprisonment and sale for a term, for this indefinable status. It provides penalties for white persons who harbor negroes. It requires all blacks to have themselves registered, paying the County Clerk a fee for registering—a requirement more necessary to the whites in Tennessee than to those people whose color has been the infallible test of loyalty. Through all the fifteen enacting sections of this bill, the term "free persons of color" is repeated, as if to recognize the existence of slavery in Tennessee, although the people have decreed that there shall be no slaves in the State.

But the section which gives additional color to all the rest, is one giving County Courts the power to bind out the children of free persons of color as apprentices to white masters. There is no specified limit to the time of this apprenticeship. Tennessee had better go back to slavery at once, than to mock the blacks with liberty, and then set up the power to take their children from them.

If the persons who voted for this bill are not a part of the malignant pro-slavery class, seeking to make themselves amends for emancipation against their will, and to take vengeance on the blacks, they have been unfortunate in the evidence which their work has placed before the country. Such a course cannot bring the tranquility that Tennessee needs. We believe, then, there can be no settled tranquility without an honest acquiescence in the freedom of the blacks, and in securing to them the equal protection of law.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

### *ANDREW JOHNSON AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

IN December, of 1861, while the traitors in Congress were deliberately preparing to destroy the Republic, and when they had finally resolved to steal the forts, navy-yards, and arsenals, to carry off the public treasure, to violate oaths—in a word, to use all the materials and means of the government which had sheltered and protected them to consummate its overthrow—there was only one Southern man bold and brave enough to denounce and defy them. Only one to expose their treason—only one to admonish them of their guilt, and to declare his determination to remain at all hazards within the sacred limits of the Union. That man was Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. He began his conflict with the traitors on the 18th of December, 1860, and continued it until the close of the session, in March, 1861. We have more than once in these columns referred to that memorable period. He was, beyond all question, the most conspicuous character in it, as well because of his courage and ability, as on account of the solitary and splendid position he maintained, towering high above the crowd of traitors. Thousands will remember those days; but none can forget the hateur, the insolence, the indignation, and the attempts to brow-beat Gov. Johnson on the part of the conspirators, as they were forced to submit to his continued and fearless chastisement. When it was first intimated that he intended to take issue with them, they resorted to cajolery, promises, and at last to the most humiliating entreaties. He was threatened in secret at the start, but finally, when in utter defiance and contempt alike of their bribes and their intimidations, he spoke out, the whole pack was let loose upon him. Davis, Benjamin, Toombs, Mason, Wigfall, Slidell, and poor Joe Lane, having trained themselves for the struggle, determined to bully and brain the daring man who had audaciously spoken of them in that high presence, and in the hearing of the men and women they had summoned to what they had resolved to be, and what really was, the first scene of the rebellion. But in vain. Proudly through all he bore himself—heard their taunts, their jibes, their abuse, with calm, even, and unruffled temper, as one conscious of the rectitude of his course, and reckless of all consequences personal to himself. Where are these same braggarts now? Davis is a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. Toombs an outlaw by proclamation of the President; Mason and Slidell a pair of gentlemen vagabonds in Paris, looking vainly to see the shores which they left in the hope of returning despotically to rule. All, whether those caught or those running—whether those confined in prisons or waiting to fly to foreign lands, or living away from their own homes—all these tyrannical traitors—all, of them are now at the mercy of that single Senator who, in 1861, denounced their treason and predicted their overthrow.

At the present moment, when the whole civilized world is watching the new phase of the close of the rebellion presented in the capture of Jefferson Davis, and he himself is enclosed in the strong walls of Fortress Monroe, the words addressed to him by Andrew Johnson, on the 6th of February, 1861, in the United States Senate, may be appropriately and profitably reproduced. They are as follows:

"I was speaking of the proposition to raise fifteen regiments in my own State, which has been brought forward. Sir, as far back as the battle of King's Mountain, and in every war in which the rights of the people have been invaded, Tennessee, God bless her, has stood by that glorious flag, which was carried by Washington and followed by the gallant patriots and soldiers of the Revolution, even as the blood trickled from their feet as they passed over the ice and the snow; and under that flag, not only at home, but abroad, her sons have acquired honor and distinction, in connection with citizens of the other States of the Union. She is not yet prepared to band with outlaws, and make war upon that flag under which she has won laurels. Whom are we going to fight? Who is invading Tennessee? Conventions are got up; a reign of terror is inaugurated; and if, by the influence of a subsidized and mendacious press, an ordinance taking the State out of the Confederacy can be extorted, those who make such propositions expect to have our army ready, to have their bands equipped, to have their prætorian divisions; then they will tell the people that they must carry the ordinance into effect, and join a Southern Confederacy, whether they will or not; they shall be lashed on to the car of South Carolina, who entertains no respect for them, but threatens their institution of slavery unless they comply with her terms. Will Tennessee take such a position as that? I cannot believe it; I never will believe it; and if an Ordinance of Secession should be passed by that State under these circumstances, and an attempt should be made to force the people out of the Union, as has been done in some other States, *I tell the Senate and the American people that there are many in Tennessee whose dead bodies will have to be trampled over before it can be consummated* (applause in the galleries). The Senator from Mississippi (Jefferson Davis) referred to the flag of his country; and I will read what he said, so that I may not be accused of misrepresenting him:

"'It may be pardoned to me, sir, who, in my very boyhood, was given to the military service, and who have followed that flag under tropical suns, and over northern snows, if I here express the deep sorrow which alway overwhelms me when I think of turning from the flag I have followed so long, for which I have suffered in ways it does not become me to speak of; feeling that henceforth it is not to be the banner I will hail with the rising sun, and greet as the sun goes down; the banner which by day and by night I am ready to follow. But God, who knows the hearts of men, will judge between you and us, at whose door lies the responsibility of this.'

"There is no one in the United States who is more willing to do justice to the distinguished Senator from Mississippi than myself; and when I consider his early education; when I look at his gallant services, finding him first in the military school of the United States, educated by his government, taught the science of war at the expense of his country—taught to love the principles of the Constitution; afterwards entering its service, fighting beneath the stars and stripes to which he has so handsomely alluded, winning laurels that are green and imperishable, and bearing upon his person scars that are honorable; some of which have been won at home; others of which have been won in a foreign clime, and upon other fields—I would be the last man to pluck a feather from his cap or a single gem from the chaplet that encircles his illustrious brow. But when I consider his early associations; *when I remember that he was nurtured by this government; that he fought for this government; that he won honors under the flag of this government, I cannot understand how he can be willing to hail another banner, and desert the one of his country, under which he has won laurels and received honors.* This is a matter of taste, however; but it seems to me that, *if I could not unsheath my sword in vindication of the flag of my country, its glorious stars and stripes, I would return the sword to its scabbard; I would never sheath it in the bosom of my mother; never! never!* Sir, my own feelings in reference to that flag are such as must have filled the heart of that noble son of South Carolina, Joel R. Poinsett, when, nearly thirty years ago, in an address to the people of Charleston, he declared:

"'Wherever I have been, I have been proud of being a citizen of this Republic, and to the remotest corners of the earth have walked erect and secure under that banner which our opponents would tear down and trample under foot. I was in Mexico when the town was taken by assault. The house of the American ambassador was then, as it ought to be, the refuge of the distressed and persecuted; it was pointed out to the infuriated soldiery as a place filled with their enemies. They refused to attack. My only defence was the flag of my country, and it was thrown out at the instant that hundreds of muskets were leveled at us. Mr. Mason—a braver man never stood by his friend in the hour of danger—and myself placed ourselves beneath its waving folds; and the attack was suspended. We did not blanch, for we felt strong in the protecting arm of this mighty Republic. We told them that the flag that waved over us was the banner of the nation to whose example they owed their liberties, and to whose protection they were indebted for their safety. The scene changed as by enchantment; those men who were on the point of attacking and massacreing the inhabitants cheered the flag of our country, and placed sentinels to protect it from outrage.

"'Fellow-citizens, in such a moment as that, would it have been any protection to me and mine to have proclaimed myself a Carolinian? Should I have been here to tell you this tale if I had hung out the Palmetto and single star? Be assured that, to be respected abroad, we must maintain our place in the Union.'

"Sir, I intend to stand by that flag, and by the Union of which it is the emblem. I agree with Mr. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, 'that this government of our fathers, with all its defects, comes nearer the objects of all good governments than any other on the face of the earth.'

"I have made allusions to the various Senators who have attacked me, in vindication of myself. I have been attacked on all hands by some five or six, and may be attacked again. All I ask is, that, in making these attacks, they meet my positions, answer my arguments, refute my facts. I care not for the number that may have attacked me; I care not how many may come hereafter. Feeling that I am in the right—that argument, that fact, that truth are on my side—I place them all at defiance. Come one, come all; for I feel, in the words of the great dramatic poet:

"'Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with secession is corrupted.'

"I have been told, and I have heard it repeated, that this Union is gone. It has been said in this Chamber that it is in the cold sweat of death; that in fact, it is really dead, and merely lying in state waiting for the funeral obsequies to be performed. If this be so, and the war that has been made upon me in consequence of advocating the Constitution and the Union is to result in my overthrow and in my destruction; and that flag, that glorious flag, the emblem of the Union, which was borne by Washington through a seven years' struggle, shall be struck from the Capitol and trailed in the dust—when this Union is interred I want no more honorable winding sheet than that brave old flag, and no more glorious grave than to be interred in the tomb of the Union (applause in the galleries). For it I have stood; for it I will continue to stand; I care not whence the blows come; and some will find before this thing is over that while there are blows to be given, there will be blows to receive; and that while others can thrust, there are some who can parry. They will find that it is a game that two can play at. God preserve my country from the desolation that is threatening her, from treason and traitors!

"'Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?'"

(Applause in the galleries.)

### *THE MILITARY COURT.*

[The following article derives authority from the position and professional eminence of its author, Prof. Dwight of Columbia College Law School, as well as from the weight of its argument and statement:]

*To the Editor of the New York Times:*

THOSE persons who clamor so loudly against the trial of the assassins by a military tribunal, overlook some very important legal considerations which would, under the peculiar facts of the case, reduce a trial by the criminal courts to the condition of a farce.

This crime, which filled every reflecting person with horror, and which is stigmatized as "assassination," is, in the view of ordinary criminal law, murder, and nothing more. It is an offence only against the laws of the District of Columbia, where the United States Courts act in some respects with limited jurisdiction. There are some crimes which are offences against the United States laws wherever they are committed, such as a breach of the Post-office laws, but this is not one of those cases. It is no crime by the United States laws to assassinate the President of the United States as such. If Mr. Lincoln had been murdered in Maryland, there would only have been a crime against the Maryland laws. Supposing that he had been assassinated in Richmond, the murderer would have been amenable only to the criminal laws of Virginia, and the United States would have presented the singular spectacle of calling upon Confederate magistrates to issue warrants, and Confederate sheriffs to execute them, or else the murderer would have gone unwhipt of justice. But as the act happened to be committed locally in the District of Columbia, the criminal courts of the District would have had jurisdiction. At once a host of perplexing legal questions would have arisen to embarrass the trial and confound the judgment.

I. It is very doubtful whether any of Booth's fellow-conspirators, unless actually *present* when the crime was committed, could be tried by the criminal courts of the District as accessories before the fact. The jurisdiction of the courts is derived wholly from statute, and the Crimes Act of the United States does not provide for the punishment of such offenders. (United Stats *vs.* Ramsey, 1 Hempstead, 481.)

II. Of what criminal offence were those persons guilty, who, not being in the District of Columbia, aided the assassins before the murder took place? Where was their crime committed, in a legal point of view? These preliminary questions must be answered before an ordinary criminal prosecution can be properly instituted against them. If the offence were committed in a State it can only be tried in a State. This is clearly so by the United States Constitution, if the offence be against the laws of the United States.

It is provided that the "trial of all crimes shall be held in the State where the crime shall have been committed." (Art. 3, sec: 2, 3d paragraph.) It is equally clear, by the common law, if the offence is against the laws of a State, for every criminal offence *must* be tried in the jurisdiction against which it was committed. Now, in regard to the offence, the most that can be probably claimed is that the *absent* persons were "accessories before the fact" to the crime of murder, or attempted murder. This is an offence entirely distinct from the crime of murder itself. By no legal fiction can a person who in Maryland counsels the commission of a murder in the District of Columbia be said to commit a crime in the District. His offence is committed *in Maryland*, and he must be indicted and tried in that State, either in the United States or State Courts. (State *vs.* Moore, 6 Foster, 448. State *vs.* Chapin, 17 Arkansas 56.)

III. If this proposition be correct, it is very doubtful whether a person who is an "accessory before the fact" to a murder committed in another jurisdiction, can by the rules of the common law be convicted at all. This position may seem very technical; but the point now under consideration is, whether there are not such technicalities in the way as to make the ordinary criminal proceedings not worth pursuing. When Orsini attempted in Paris, in the year 1858, by his explosive hand-grenades, to take the life of the French Emperor, and unintentionally killed Batty, an effort was made in England to convict Bernard, a resident Frenchman, as an accessory before the fact to Orsini's crime. Bernard was tried under a statute (9 Geo. IV., c. 31, sec. 7), which made an English subject, who, being in England, aided the commission of murder abroad, criminally liable in the same way as if the murder had been committed in England. A grave doubt was raised at the trial, whether a resident alien could be deemed a "subject" within the meaning of the act. None of the able counsel suggested that a person could, by the common law, be tried as an accessory before the fact to a murder committed in another. (Regina *vs.* Bernard, 1 Foster and Finalson, 240.) In other words the murder must have been *consummated* in the jurisdiction in which the accessory committed his crime. Although England and France are countries foreign to each other, yet the principle is the same in the present case, for any of the States of the Union and the District of Columbia are as distinct from each other in respect to the jurisdiction of their courts over such criminal offences as though they were foreign countries.

The criminal courts of the United States for the District of Columbia, have limited jurisdiction in this class of cases, although in carrying out their jurisdiction they may exercise authority in any part of the country. It is probable that if Booth's act was to be tried by the ordinary criminal tribunals, none of his fellow-conspirators, absent from the District, could be tried anywhere as *accessories before the fact.* The only semblance of authority known to favor the opposite view is a mere *dictum* in 17 Arkansas 309.

IV. The only criminal offence of which the absent conspirators could probably be convicted is a conspiracy to commit murder. It is possible that they might be tried for this offence in the District of Columbia, on account of an overt act having been committed there. (Commonwealth *vs.* Gillespie, 7 Sergeant & Rawle.) Under certain circumstances they would be amenable to the State Courts, for it is undoubted law that it is a crime to conspire in one State to commit a felony in another State or jurisdiction. But as no overt act took place in the State, it would be necessary to show the presence of two conspirators in the State where the case was tried. But even supposing that a legal conspiracy could be established, it would only be a misdemeanor. If convicted in New York, the criminals would be punished by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than six months, and fined not more than two hundred and fifty dollars. If the Judge thought fit, they might be imprisoned for one day and fined one dollar. Of what service would such a trial be in face of such a punishment?

V. Trial by the civil courts divided the whole subject into many distinct offences. Payne is tried for the attempted assassination of Mr. Seward; others for being concerned in the murder of Mr. Lincoln. Each case admits no considerations peculiar to the other. Trial by the military courts embraces the whole subject, and offers ample room for the most complete investigation.

VI. The act of aiding the assassins to escape, regarded as an ordinary criminal offence, is of but trifling significance. Persons who have rendered such assistance participate in no respect in the assassination, but only obstruct the course of justice. It is true that such persons may be tried by the United States authorities, though the offence is committed in Maryland, for Congress has the right to confer, and has conferred, upon its courts the power to convict and punish such offenders (Cohens *vs.* Virginia, 6 Wheaton), but the punishment is comparatively light, being a moderate term of imprisonment.

VII. If these positions are correct the court in the District of Columbia would only permit such evidence to be introduced as bore upon the trial of the persons before it. There could be no full and thorough investigation of all the ramifications of a plot extending to various States of the Union, and perhaps to foreign countries. The absent conspirators would not be on trial, and it would be immaterial to inquire into the facts concerning them, except so far as to aid in the conviction of the parties before the court.

These considerations lead to the conclusion that it is in the highest degree fortunate that the state of war had not been suspended when these crimes were committed. Should such a crime occur in a period of profound peace, some of the leading legal complications arising from our compound system of State and National governments would be brought strikingly to view. But regarded as a military offence, the whole power of the general goverment is brought to bear on the case without respect to the delicate question growing out of conflicting jurisdictions. Cavalry pursue the fleeing criminal without thought of magistrate's warrant. Where was Boston Corbett's authority for "shooting Booth down like a dog"? Will any one contend that if Booth had fled in an opposite direction, and Corbett had done the act in Pennsylvania as he did in Virginia, he could have been arraigned and tried in the State courts for the crime of murder, and could only have defended himself by showing that he necessarily killed Booth to prevent his escape from justice?

Yet, if Booth's crime is only murder, Corbett should have acted under orders from the United States Marshal instead of a military commander. Acting without warrant, he would have been amenable to State laws, and could only justify himself as a private citizen would do who kills an escaping felon. Yet the same journals which so severely criticize the act of the Administration in making the assassination a military offence, warmly commended Corbett, though he proceeded on the principle that the offender was subject to military law.

It is right to assume that the government had good grounds for its action. It would naturally hesitate to take upon itself the odium of a military prosecution without overpowering reasons. The people, on reflection, will not fail to place a generous confidence in the wisdom and judgment of the men who have been thoroughly tried in greater emergencies, and have never yet been found wanting. T. W. D.

### *THE NEGRO PLOT AT MEMPHIS.*

A DISPATCH from Cairo relates that Gen. Washburne pronounces the report of a negro plot to kill returned rebels at Memphis false in every particular, and denies also that any of the negroes were shot.

The story was, our readers will remember, that the colored troops in Memphis, excited at the arrival of many paroled rebel prisoners, arranged a plot to massacre these persons in revenge for the massacre of colored troops at Fort Pillow; that the project was discovered; that white troops were placed as guards over the colored soldiers; that the latter attempted to carry out their purpose, were ordered back, refused to obey orders, and were fired upon; and that twenty or thirty were killed and wounded and the remainder driven back.

This story, of course, gave concern to all those friendly to the colored troops; and on the other hand gave the prejudiced and ignorant a fine opportunity—and the first, we believe—to point their fingers at them for misbehavior. According to Gen. Washburne, the whole story is a lie. The telegraph asserts that he says "the report from Memphis telegraphed a few days since, giving an account of a plot among negro troops there, the contemplated massacre of paroled rebels, and the subsequent shooting of the colored troops, is false in every particular." We shall know in a few days more fully about this matter. If the enemies of the negro troops are trying to destroy their good name and the public confidence in them, by circulating falsehoods about them, they will find the recoil somewhat damaging to themselves.—*Evening Post.*

### *EXTENDING THE SUFFRAGE.*

WE recently expressed the view that on reconstructing the State governments of the South, the right of suffrage should be given to all, whether white or black, who had not borne arms for or held office under the rebellion, and who had borne arms for the Union, or who could read and write and were self-supporting. It was not our intention to exclude any loyal men who have heretofore been voters, but only to apply the rule to those to whom the suffrage is to be extended. The fundamental political fact of this country has been its progress toward a more perfect and wise distribution of the right of suffrage. In England, the breaking down of the rotten borough system illustrates this truth. In France Napoleonism rules by suffrage, however imperfect, in place of Bourbonism, which ruled by divine right. In Italy the same progress is going on. In the radical dissolution of old oppressions connected with slavery which is now going on in the United States, it would be wonderful indeed if no progress were being made toward a more perfect suffrage when the question forces itself upon us in its most formidable form, viz, whether four millions of native-born citizens of the United States and their posterity forever are to be excluded from the right of voting, regardless of any qualification of property or of intelligence.

It is objected that the antagonism between the whites and blacks at the South is so great, that the former will never consent that the latter should have the right to vote. But it is because of this very antagonism that the blacks ought, in common prudence, to have the right. Were there no such antagonism there would be less grounds to conceive that the whites might oppress the blacks; but, with such a preexisting antagonism, it is certain, in advance, that the whites will oppress the blacks unless the latter can defend themselves through the right of suffrage. Give the negroes or some portion of them the right of suffrage, and the most negro-hating politician of the South will begin to address them in public meetings to look to their votes as a means of power and to advocate their rights as a means of securing their votes. They will provide for the education of the blacks, and give them protection in the laws and before the courts for their persons and property.

On the other hand if the blacks be excluded from the suffrage in the formation of the Constitution, and so admitted into the Union, the evil will as surely be irremediable afterward as was slavery in Missouri after its admission as a slave State. Those framing the Constitution will frame it with special reference to excluding the blacks from voting, and from all other privileges which would render their stay in the State tolerable. Those elected to office under such a Constitution, will be elected because of their anti-suffrage principles, and the evil, like slavery, of which it is the relic, will go on piling up its iniquities and its arrogance until, like slavery, it shall be wiped out in the blood of revolution. In point of fact, our President, Cabinet and Congress will mark out the programme for reconstruction in the Southern States. Their basis will be the basis of the Union and Emancipation party in those States. It is cowardice to shirk or evade the issue, which is simply this, will the government of the United States again become a party, under the pretense of States' rights, to the crime of oppression? If it does it cannot hope to repeat the old crime without repeating the old disaster. To do so would prove that the American people, like the Bourbons, neither learn nor forget.—*Chicago Tribune, May 23.*

### *THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN THE SOUTH.*

WE have received the following interesting communication, which shows that the Quakers in the rebel States remained true to their anti-slavery pledges and to the Union during the last four years:

"*To the Editors of the Evening Post.*

"'The Reconstruction of the Southern Churches,' which appeared in your paper, is evidently from the pen of an intelligent writer, but in saying 'No one can doubt that if the rebels had been successful the Churches of the Confederacy would soon have been a unit in declaring slavery an inviolable divine institution,' he no doubt unintentionally overlooked a small but ancient Church of the South, which presents in its position points of interest to every Christian mind.

"The Society of Friends in Virginia, North Carolina and East Tennessee consists of thirty-seven congregations, numbering about thirty-five hundred persons.

"During the war, the Virginia Meetings maintained a close connection with Baltimore Yearly Meeting, to which they belonged, and those in North Carolina and East Tennessee (three thousand members, constituting the North Carolina Yearly Meeting) continued 'annual epistles' to the Northern and Western Yearly Meetings, breathing the warmest expressions of love and unity.

"The discipline of the Society, prohibiting the owning or hiring of slaves, not only remained inviolate, but the members bore an open and firm testimony against slavery and war, and were loyal to the United States government. This subjected them to some persecution, but the Society, nevertheless, received an accession of over five hundred members.

"Immediately upon the surrender of Johnston's army, their brethren of the North and West raised over twenty thousand dollars to replace their losses by the war, and to assist them in reestablishing schools. On the other hand, two prominent ministers of the South are already travelling at the North on a gospel mission, accredited by the usual 'certificates.'

"We have no wish to intrude Friends upon public notice, further than to show that one Southern Church, at least, has been able to maintain its unity, from causes which are apparent to every reflecting mind. K.

"Baltimore, Fifth month 26, 1865."

### *NEGRO SUFFRAGE.*

IT looks squally at the South still. The demon of slavery dies hard, and is not yet cast out, even of the conquered territory. Richmond needs Benjamin F. Butler for its Military Governor more than it needs all other things; if all accounts of rampant rebelism there still, are true. And all through the South, if we mistake not, we must expect to fight our way against the inveterate prejudices of the old *regime* for weary months, if not wearier years to come.

As we said last week, the dominant element at the South—that which will assume to be the dominant element, and will actually be so if we suffer it to be so—will be dead set against any further recognition of the manhood of the negro, or any further attempt to qualify him to be a man, than is dragged out of them at the point of the bayonet. If they cannot have slavery any longer, they will have the nearest thing to it which we will let them have; they will have the negroes kept down, and made as nearly what they used to be, as may be found possible under the new circumstances. There can be no doubt of this. It is human nature, and it is Southern nature. And if the power is left in the hands of the white men of the South—we mean those who are white *outside*—they will refuse the negro his right to vote, they will refuse his right to bear testimony on equal terms with themselves in their courts of justice; and they will systematically keep him as degraded, and drive him as low down in the scale of being, as they may find it in their power to do—in the cheap and silly idea that they are thus maintaining their own respectability, and restoring things as nearly as may be, to the good times that used to be.

We shall have a hard time in managing the South for years to come, unless we can secure to the negro his right of suffrage, so that we can make him an ally at the polls, and so that he can there checkmate the diabolical selfishness of his old masters.

How to secure to the negro in the speediest possible manner the right of full citizenship, with its dearest rights; this is the great problem which now comes knocking at our doors. Happy shall we be if we can answer it aright.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

### *JUSTICE TO THE NEGRO.*

THE Connecticut Legislature by a two-thirds vote, adopted yesterday their Constitutional Amendment striking out the word "white," and admitting the negro to the right of suffrage. It now goes to the people, and if ratified by a majority, the inequality which has long belied our professions, will cease to exist. Our conduct will then be in keeping with our principles.

Freedom marches on from victory to victory. Her banners, though soiled with the dust of battle, and torn by the fury of the strife, are inscribed with memorable triumphs. In this country what has been accomplished within three years? No longer ago than the Summer of 1863, four millions of the inhabitants of the United States were held in bondage. To-day they are free. Then their services, property and persons were left to the arbitrary disposal of the master. To-day, with wives and children, they can move where they please, earning a livelihood in their own way, assured that no earthly power can separate them from loved ones, or drive them from chosen homes. The tyrant who cursed the negro for weakness and improvidence which had been fostered by centuries of oppression, discovers in the former slave a spirit and hardihood that confound his theories. The baptism of the battle-field has regenerated the race. Armed with the ballot, they can hereafter maint

cally, and have a right to reconstitute it whenever the hostile forces of the rebellion shall have been fully withdrawn or subverted. In such reconstruction, those who were voters under the State Constitution as it existed prior to Secession, and who shall be loyal to the Union and its Constitution at the time of reconstruction, will be the only legal voters, and the question of negro suffrage, or of any fundamental change whatever, must be decided by them. But, so far from thinking that colored people ought not to vote, we infer from a pretty full exposition of his views to which we very recently listened, that the President will exert whatever influence he believes himself fairly entitled to in the premises in *favor* of such suffrage. The only ground that exists for attributing to him hostility inheres in his conviction that loyal State Constitutions are not subject to change by Presidential edicts nor by orders from the War Department.

We make this statement simply to set the *Post* right and shield the President from misapprehension. Our own view of the momentous and difficult question—not of manhood suffrage, but of State and National rights and duties respecting it—will hereafter be given.—*Tribune.*

### *STREET RAILROADS AND COLORED PEOPLE*

We are glad to learn that the "Equal Rights League" of this city have raised the means and employed able counsel to prosecute the Street Railway Companies for the many outrages committed upon the colored people. We do not expect that anything will be gained in a legal point of view in the prosecution, but we hope it will have a good effect in a social point, and in changing the prejudices of our people. Law is always on the side of corporations and capital.

These companies have broken nearly every contract with the city. They have pleaded poverty and have been released from their contracts. But why are they poor? Why have they not made money? Simply because they have driven from their cars much of their patronage. A black man presents himself with his six cents for a ride. They refuse to take it and pass on empty. Many of our white citizens will not patronize the cars on account of this mean proscriptive spirit of the companies.

Thus we see how the city and the tax-payers are swindled by the "penny-wise and pound foolish" prejudice to color.

The sanctimonious city of Philadelphia has such a high regard for the holy Sabbath that it will not allow the cars to run on that day, and yet on Monday morning it so far forgets the law of doing unto others, etc., that it will not allow a wounded negro soldier to ride in its cars. "O, consistency, thou art a jewel."

We think anti-slavery societies have a greater work before them in removing prejudices and compelling justice, than they have had in destroying the legal existence of slavery. Let us keep on our armor, for it will be a long time yet before we can

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free."

—*Free Nation.*

### *THE SLAVERY QUESTION REVIVED IN MISSOURI.*

The manifestations of approval bestowed by pro-slavery men upon Judge Moodey's decision, completely unmask their feelings and purposes upon the slavery question. That decision is universally indorsed by them as sound, both in law and policy. Substantially, although indirectly, it declares that slavery is to-day as much a living institution in Missouri as it was before the first ordinance of emancipation was adopted. Who will question that it is this feature which recommends it so strongly in the eyes of pro-slavery men? And in this connection their action is greatly more significant than the decision itself. It shows clearly enough that they have abandoned neither the love nor the hope of slavery in Missouri. If slavery was in their judgment unmistakably dead, what would they care for decisions respecting it one way or the other? If they were satisfied the institution were really extinct, the subject would be one of utter indifference to them. It is only in the light of that institution's present existence or possible revival, that their conduct is at all consistent and comprehensible.

But this manifestation of approbation is still more important, in showing what the course of the pro-slavery men of Missouri is to be. It proves that they intend to hold, and expect all the judges in their interest to decide, that, notwithstanding all the legislation of the two Conventions to destroy slavery, that institution has suffered no impairment. That is the deduction to be derived from Judge Moodey's ratiocination, and all pro-slavery men say that he is right, which means simply that, according to *their* views, we still have slavery in full force in Missouri. Therefore, all that is necessary to have slavery fully reëstablished and recognized in the State, is for the pro-slavery party to gain the political ascendency, and secure the judges. It matters not whether Judge Moodey's position is good law or the reverse; once made the party creed, all the men elevated to office, judicial or otherwise, upon it, may be expected to give it sanction and enforcement.

It is therefore clear that the slavery issue is again revived in Missouri. We had hoped that its extinction, through the ordinance passed with that view, would be universally acquiesced in, but in this we find ourselves mistaken. The spirit of controversy is again invoked, and something beyond the legislation already had is needed to give it repose. Slavery is not willing to let the matter rest as it stands.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

### *REFORM QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.*

There has been a stir in Parliament—indeed, it is not over—more vigorous than any which any one could suppose could pass through its aged veins. No one has dreamed that this Parliament could pass a bill extending the franchise below the traditional ten pounds. The present government of Lord Palmerston went before the people at the last election, now nearly seven years ago, and were elected upon the distinct pledge of bringing in a Reform Bill. But since they have got into their comfortable places they have not said one word about the Bill. But Mr. Baines (member for Leeds), has brought in a bill for moderate reform (six pounds), and on Wednesday evening asked that it might pass to its second reading. Then followed a very spirited and noisy discussion, with some strong speeches. It was chiefly a fight between the two wings of the liberal party, the reformers and the government, which the tories, strong in their unity, sat and enjoyed hugely. Leatham, Bernal Osborne, poured hot shot into the government, and none can do it better; and the tories, whose benches were packed, yelled sometimes for three minutes with delight. Especially were they in ecstacies when the reformers claimed Mr. Gladstone as their leader, and thundered again and again through the hall his famous declaration that "every man who is not incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or political danger, is morally entitled to come within the pale of the constitution." Gladstone sat half reclining, but whenever that quotation came, and after it such diabolical cheers were uttered as I never heard before, he certainly winced. There is no doubt that in that speech Gladstone took time by the forelock to an extent which he now repents. Lord Palmerston's gouty leg stood him on this occasion in good stead, and he was absent. One can fancy his feelings next morning when he read the following from Leatham's speech:

"A distinct pledge was given, and has the government been released from that pledge? They have shown no disposition to go to the country, and if they are unable to meet their obligations, why don't they do like other people under similar distressing and embarrassing circumstances—call their creditors together and take their opinions upon the question? (Laughter and cheers.) Right honorable gentlemen have shown no disposition to avail themselves of the Bankruptcy Court. (Laughter.) The noble viscount at the head of the government appeared to have an aversion to a wiping off, and postpones the evil day till the latest possible moment. But depend upon it, it is altogether premature to assume that the people are prepared to make things so pleasant to those whose conduct with reference to the Reform question, if it reminds them of anything, reminds them of the fast-and-loose performances of the Davenport Brothers, which have ended so disastrously to those eminent performers, in what some of the papers call a smashing of the Cabinet. (Loud laughter and cheers.)"

It may astonish you, but it is true, that there are but three men in the English Parliament who are in favor of universal suffrage, viz: P. A. Taylor, Wilfred Lawson (the great Maine Law man), and T. B. Potter (successor to Cobden), and of these only the first-named, probably, would be ready to record his vote for including women. Mr. Lowe, a kind of mongrel in politics, and an albino in physique, made a very strong speech, and was especially clever in making the most of the one great point of the tories that to admit the working-classes would be to swamp all others.

At the end of the time for adjournment the government tried to end the whole affair; but were pounced upon by D'Israeli, Baines, radicals and tories, promiscuously; the House resolved itself into a bear-garden for fifteen minutes, and at last poor Sir George Grey had to yield to a proposition for continuing the debate, and so we are looking forward to hearing another dispute on Monday night.—*M. D. C. in the Commonwealth.*

Overcoming His Prejudices.—Even Gen. Gillmore can be induced to say in a general order concerning the operations of a party of thirty colored soldiers and scouts who left Jacksonville and arrived at St. Augustine, penetrating the interior through Marion County, and doing great injury to the enemy—

"This expedition, planned and executed by colored men under the command of a colored non-commissioned officer, reflects great credit upon the brave participants and their leader. The Major-General commanding thanks these courageous soldiers and scouts, and holds up their conduct to their comrades-in-arms as an example worthy of emulation."


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.


### *THE FATAL STEP.*

A month ago, it seemed to many as if the cause of freedom were on the eve of a momentous triumph. The victorious close of a four years war was to be crowned by an act of partial justice to the negro. The nation, first exulting in its successes and then maddened by the assassination, was in both moods more disposed than ever to recognize the claim of the blacks, and seemed to stand not only ready but eager to confer upon them the inestimable right of suffrage. Whatever stood in the way we thought God had removed. The press spoke but one voice. The pulpit echoed it, and the newly inaugurated government was understood to wait only the fitting moment to give to the wish of the nation the authority of an Executive sanction, and the practical force of law. We looked hopefully to see the Southern half of the Republic rebuilt on the basis of equal political rights for all, and the ballot was to pass into the hands of the black with the joyful consent of twenty millions of whites.

To-day, whither has this dream vanished? The cup has been held to the lips only to be rudely snatched away. The sentiment of gratitude which pervaded the nation has proved too weak to contend with the old prejudice of race, and to-day the political atheism which sees in the Declaration of Independence nothing but a glittering generality is the controlling opinion of the nation. The rhetorical lie of Rufus Choate reappears in the Proclamation of Andrew Johnson, and the infamous dogma that a negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect, is adopted from the Supreme Bench into the Executive Mansion, and shocks the world as the first official utterance of the President of an emancipated Republic. The ordinance for the "reconstruction" of North Carolina declares that a Republican form of government means the exclusion of one race from all share in it; that the blacks form no part of the "people of North Carolina"; that they are not even to be enumerated among the "*loyal* people of that State"; that they are not entitled to be protected as loyal citizens in their rights of life, liberty, and property; that they will be permitted no voice in the reëstablishment of the fundamental law which is to determine their future condition. If every one of these propositions is not laid down in terms in the Proclamation, every one is the necessary, inevitable implication and intended sense of one or another of its clauses. And the substance of the whole is that so far as North Carolina is concerned, the Administration has declared against Negro Suffrage.

What is proposed in place of it? William W. Holden is appointed Provisional Governor with authority, "at the earliest practicable period, to prescribe such rules and regulations as may be necessary for convening a Convention composed of delegates to be chosen by that portion of the people of said State who are loyal to the United States, and no others, for the purpose of altering or amending the Constitution thereof, and with authority to exercise within the limits of said State all the powers necessary and proper to enable such loyal people of the State of North Carolina to restore said State to its constitutional relations to the Federal government, and to present such a republican form of State government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor, and its people to protection by the United States against invasion, insurrection, and domestic violence; provided that in any election that may be hereafter held for choosing delegates to any State Convention as aforesaid, no person shall be qualified as an elector or shall be eligible as a member of such Convention, unless he shall have previously taken or subscribed the oath of amnesty as set forth in the President's Proclamation of May 29th, 1865, *and is a voter qualified as prescribed by the Constitution and laws of the State of North Carolina in force before the* 20th *day of May, A. D.*, 1861, the date of the so-called ordinance of secession."

No negro was a voter under the State Constitution; none therefore is to take part in the election of Mr. Holden's Convention. That Convention is nominally to be chosen by the "loyal whites"—and who are they? Nominally, they are such legal voters of North Carolina as are not excepted from the amnesty, and as will take the amnesty oath. Practically, the Convention will be made up in one of two ways. Either Mr. Holden will take military possession of the polls and exclude all but his own faction from voting, or the disloyal whites will take possession of the polls and exclude all but their faction. The former is what happened in Louisiana under the Banks State government. The latter is what happened last week in Virginia when Gov. Pierpont undertook to hold an election of the "loyal" citizens of that State. In either event, North Carolina is handed over to the rule of a merciless aristocracy, created by the act of President Johnson, and resolved not merely to exclude the negro from suffrage, but to make his new possession of freedom, a mockery and a sham. Let whoever doubts it look at Tennessee, and the black code which has already passed one branch of its Legislature. Such a tyranny is the necessary consequence of the distinction in races. There is no party in the South that is friendly to the negro or disposed to do him justice. The rebels hate him because he was true to the Union. The so-called loyalists are the poor whites, who always hated the negro *as a* negro worse than the slaveholding class did—a fact with which every Southerner is familiar; so that to whichever class the fate of the black race shall be remitted, there is not even a chance that it will be free from oppression—much less be granted justice. By the proclamation of the President and the policy of the government the negroes of North Carolina are doomed to a century of serfdom.

The sole excuse President Johnson offers for this outrage is the pretence that the Convention or Legislature subsequently assembled has the right to prescribe the qualification of electors—in the words of the President, "a power the people of the several States comprising the Federal Union have rightfully exercised from the origin of the government to the present time." That is begging the question. Who are "the people"? The Federal government by this very proclamation undertakes to define and circumscribe that term. It would have been a less arbitrary assumption of power to have enlarged instead of narrowing the definition, and the necessity which existed for *some* definition proves that at this moment, the ultimate power resides nowhere but in the Federal government, and, had the President so chosen, might have been used for, instead of against, the negro—might have established forever the principle of Universal Suffrage, and secured the perpetuity of a Free Union as well as the rights of the black race. The Administration of Taylor made California a free State by the exercise of a power which at that time was perfectly understood by both parties, yet no man could say he saw the finger of the President laid for one moment on the helm. Far more easily might the government now, by virtue of its undisputed military possession of a conquered territory, impress its policy on the future of the States. And as a matter of policy the President would have done far better to grant suffrage to the *dis*loyal whites, since with them he could have made what terms he chose. The rope was about their necks—they would pay any price to loosen the halter—would have agreed eagerly to negro suffrage for the sake of regaining their own forfeited franchise. But on the "loyal" whites, as represented by Mr. Holden, the government, by its own concession, has no claim, and can make no bargain with them for the security of the negro—supposing it cared to.

We can only hope the North Carolina policy is adopted as an experiment, not as a finality. The government, let us trust, is only feeling its way, and has no purpose to plunge headlong into such a vortex as reconstruction on the present theory would set whirling. If the President has really made up his mind to leave the fate of the negro in the hands of the whites of each State, there is no hope either for the negro or for the Union. But we refuse to belive that such a scheme is yet matured, and in order that it may not be, we summon the North to its duty. Everywhere let protest and denunciation be heard. Let the Administration be compelled at least to hesitate—and to gain time may be to save a nation. Reconstruction on this theory is only in the gristle; never let it harden into bone. Keep out the States this Summer and Fall. Keep them in military possession till Congress can meet, armed with the indignation of the anti-slavery North, to check and control the suicidal madness of the Administration. *Keep the bars down*, lest when once up it need another revolution to overstep them, and to give again to the Federal government the power which it now possesses to disregard and overrule State rights for the sake of the Nation.

Last week we hoisted the banner "No Reconstruction without Negro Suffrage," and we hoped then the motto might float unchallenged from the dome of the Capitol, with the government itself ready to adopt it as a pledge and to enforce it upon every insurgent State. This week, it seems as if it might have to woo the breezes alone, almost, but whether alone or not, we keep it flying, and nail it to the masthead. It shall never come down till the Nation has woven it into the Stars and Stripes, and till it has become not merely the purpose or the hope but the accomplished policy of the Republic.

### *THE WORK BEFORE US.*

At the recent annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That the objects of this Society, as announced in its Constitution and Declaration of Sentiments, are "*The entire abolition of slavery in the United States*"; *and the elevation of "all persons of color who possess the qualifications which are demanded of others, to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and the exercise of the same prerogatives as others*"; and while we joyfully welcome and will heartily co-operate with every new auxiliary in this vast field of action and effort, under whatever name, we can never lay down our own distinctive apostleship until all these high purposes are fully accomplished.

2. Resolved, That of all the work committed to our hands, we will count none more important than the education of the nation before the next session of Congress, into the idea that color or race is no test of fitness for citizenship; and that no Democracy is genuine, or can stand the ordeals of the nineteenth century, which is not based on justice and the cheerful consent of all the governed.

To incorporate these Resolutions into Acts, and thereby to secure the grand objects contemplated, is now the work before us.

The noble fidelity of Senator Sumner, and a few others, in staving off the beginnings of Reconstruction at the close of the last Congress, gave us one more opportunity for national salvation. For had one State been admitted at that time, on the basis proposed, and had that been, as was evidently intended, the model and precedent for the others, then our dreary and desolating war must have been in vain, and our last state worse than the first.

If no extra session of Congress be called, we have now six months to prepare the way for that body, when it assembles in December, to save our national existence, by setting anew its underpining on eternal justice and righteousness.

It has been constantly affirmed by many who professed to understand the hopes and purposes of the Administration, that everything might be expected in the right direction from that quarter. The new President surely could not wish to gild his Administration with a sublimer glory, than inevitably would attend such an act of justice and righteousness as the elevation of a long oppressed race to all the rights, dignities, and responsibilities of equal citizenship. It would set his name among the stars. It would form an era from whence to date, henceforward and forever.

Congress, too, we have been assured, will delight to obey the wishes of the Executive, and make haste to consummate the magnificent achievement.

The churches and the clergy are already committing themselves to the holy demand in many places; including also the religious press.

The people surely in all their multitude, have but to understand the millennial measure, to demand it with a cry like the voice of many waters. And Heaven with all its hosts waits impatient to celebrate the triumph with oratorios yet unsung by cherubim and seraphim.

But is it quite true that President, Congress, the Church, the Pulpit, the People, are thus ready to enact together this sublime phenomenon?

Yesterday gave us the Amnesty Proclamation, and also the Proclamation for Reconstruction of the State of North Carolina. And the tone of the latter has saddened, if not disappointed, the hearts of all the genuine friends of impartial freedom. At the same time, it brings joy and satisfaction, and doubtless hope, too, of greater triumphs, to those who have ever been hostile to the elevation and citizenship of the whole colored race.

For instance, the New York *World* says:

"The proclamation for bringing the State of North Carolina into its constitutional relations with the Federal government, is of great interest, as disclosing in an authentic and official form, the views and policy of President Johnson on the great question of reconstruction. It settles the two principal points of the subsisting statehood of the seceded States, and the indefeasible right of the States to prescribe, each for itself, the conditions of the elective franchise and the qualifications for office. He does not regard the revolted communities as territories to be prepared for admission into the Union, but as States in the Union entitled to the benefits of the Federal guarantee. The State suicide theory, which is thus officially demolished, will not appear again in our politits except for purposes of faction.

* * * * * * * *

"In voting for members of the Convention to form the new State Constitution, the oath of allegiance to the United States must first be taken; and then the electors must have the qualifications *prescribed by the State laws as they stood immediately previous to secession*. After the Convention meets, it and the Legislature it creates will have complete control of the suffrage, prescribing such qualifications as they may think fit, independent of Federal, or any outside control; '*a power*,' says President Johnson, 'the people of the several States composing the Federal Union have rightfully exercised from the origin of the government till the present time.' This may be deemed to settle a question which threatened to open the flood-gates of a mischievous agitation. Faction may assail this position of the President; but he is too firm to be moved out of his course when his policy is in such clear conformity to the Constitution."

The *Herald* too:

"The President, therefore, takes the State as she was in her legal authority just before her so-called ordinance of secession, and he takes her laws then existing in reference to her voters as his guide in the limitations of the elective franchise in her reconstruction, subject, however, to the restrictions of his amnesty proclamation, made necessary by the rebellion.

"This is firm ground to stand upon; but, under this arrangement, the emancipated blacks do not participate in the right of suffrage."

And the *Times*, always presumed to speak authoritatively, has this:

"The grand feature of the President's plan is its simplicity. He imposes no conditions but those of simple obedience to the laws and support of the proclamations of the National government. He leaves the question of suffrage—without regard to negroes or whites—to be determined by the Convention, or the Legislature constituted and organized by that body.

"Only such voters (taking the amnesty oath) as were entitled to the franchise in 1861, before the act of secession, are now declared entitled to meet in convention. By these voters, then, the basis of a representative system for the State will be laid, *independent altogether of propagandist agencies from without.*"

The *Tribune*, in the two days, has so much and no more on North Carolina:

"The President has appointed William W. Holden of Raleigh Provisional Governor of North Carolina, and instructed him to proceed to reorganize and restore the regular government of that State through a Constitutional Convention. The legal voters *ad interim* are to be those who were legal voters just prior to the act of secession, excepting those who shall meantime have become rebels, and are not purged of their treason under some proclamation of amnesty. *Of course, no blacks can vote.*

The *Evening Post* has a few gentle words; but promises to return to the subject again.

Such are fair specimens of the tone of the Metropolitan press, which is presumed to echo the voice of the entire country, on a question not only of State policy, but of Justice and Freedom, broad as the Moral Universe!

Who is not overwhelmed at beholding with what cool indifference it is met? The cleansing of the city streets excites a hundred-fold more interest, and should. But this Augean stable of our country, foul with the unutterable abominations of the dragons of slavery for almost a hundred years, sweeping its pestilential vapors over sea and land, poisoning to death temporal, and death eternal, institutions civil, social, moral, and spiritual, which should be for the restoration of the ruins of Humanity—one half the press seems exultant that it is to be let alone, and the other half, to speak no worse of it, appears to care very little about it!

In a word, the work of the Abolitionists, for the hour, is in one of two directions. If the Administration, Congress, the Church, the Pulpit, the People, are, as is so often affirmed by many among almost all classes, all ready for the one great saving measure of Reconstruction, on the basis of Justice and true Democratic Equality, *irrespective of complexion or race*, then these classes should be introduced to each other, and their notes so compared, and their positions so defined, as that all jealousies may be removed, and the way opened for their coöperation in securing without a struggle, so glorious a triumph.

But if, on the other hand, malignant hate toward the colored race still prevails to frightful extent, North as well as South, or if not hate, a heartless, cruel, criminal indifference, as deadly, and perhaps more dangerous, then, truly, the work cannot be mistaken for a moment, either in its nature or its magnitude.

### *JEFFERSON DAVIS'S COMPLICITY IN THE ASSASSINATION.*

The mass of the evidence implicating Davis and the other rebel leaders in the assassination conspiracy, and in the plots to burn the Northern cities, has not yet been given to the public, but enough is published to indicate the tendency of what is kept back. The following is the letter of Lieut. Alston, proposing the assassination to Davis, with the memorandum upon it:

Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.
*To His Excellency, President of the C. S. A.*

Dear Sir: I have been thinking for some time that I would make this communication to you, but have been deterred from doing so on account of ill-health. I now offer you my services, and if you will favor me in my designs, I will proceed, as soon as my health will permit, to rid my country of some of her deadliest enemies, by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery. I consider nothing dishonorable having such a tendency. All I want of you is to favor me by granting the necessary papers to travel on, while in the jurisdiction of this government. I am perfectly familiar with the North, and feel confident that I can execute anything that I undertake. I have just now returned from within their lines. I am a lieutenant in Gen. Duke's command. I was on a raid last June in Kentucky, under Gen. John Morgan. I and all my command, except two or three commissioned officers, were taken prisoners, but finding a good opportunity while being taken to prison, I made my escape from them. In the garb of a citizen I attempted to pass out through the mountains, but finding that impossible—narrowly escaping two or three times being retaken—directed my course North, and went through the blockade; but having taken the yellow fever at Bermuda, I have been rendered unfit for service since my arrival. I was reared up in the State of Alabama and educated in its University. The Secretary of War and his Assistant, Judge Campbell, are personally acquainted with my father, William J. Alston, of the Fifth Congressional District of Alabama, having served in the time of the old Congress in 1849, 1850, and 1851. Can I do anything for you? I shall expect your full confidence in return. If you give this, I can render you and my country very important service. Let me hear from you soon. I am anxious to be doing something, and having no command at present, all, or nearly all, being in garrison, I desire that you favor me in this a short time. I would like to have a personal interview with you in order to perfect arrangements before starting.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
L. W. Alston.

Address me at the Springs in hospital.

On the above letter were the following endorsements:

1st. "Brief of letter without sig."

2d. "Respectfully referred by direction of the President to Hon. Sec. of War.

"Burton N. Harrison, Private Secretary.

"Rec'd November 29, 1864. Record book Adjutant-General's office, Dec. 8, 1864."

3d. "A. G. for attention. By order of J. A. Campbell, A. S. W."

And the connection and bearing of different portions of the testimony have been plausibly stated as follows:

"Jeff. Davis manifestly arranged the assassination with Booth as Alberoni, the Spanish Minister, arranged at Madrid a plot to abduct from Paris, Philip of Orleans, Regent of France. He had his creatures in Paris, as Davis had his in Washington, and others in the Netherlands, as Davis had in Canada. And when all was ready he sent word from Madrid to Paris to "Fire the mines." Davis evidently sent a similar word to Booth. His messenger was Surratt. Surratt was the medium of communication between all the points of the plot. The testimony of Weichman shows that Surratt returned from Richmond April 3, that he had a considerable sum of gold in his possession—doubtless the "secret service" gold of the Confederacy—and that he had at Richmond had personal intercourse with Benjamin and Davis. And this man, plotting to murder the President, fresh from the presence of Davis, was then on his way to Canada. Richmond thought that the blow should fall at once. He was on his way to see what Montreal thought. He arrived at Montreal on the 6th of April. Can any one doubt that this man, just from the rebel capital, had long interviews and a full understanding with the rebel agents in Canada? Certainly not; and the result of the interviews was that Canada agreed with Richmond that the blow should be given then. Surratt left Montreal on the 12th, and was in Washington on the 14th, as is shown by the testimony of D. C. Reed. He gave the word to Booth at once, no doubt, and Booth committed the murder that night. By this simple chain of facts the agency of Davis and the men in Canada is made so certain, morally, that no sane man can question it. It is to be hoped it may be made as clear legally. If Surratt could be induced to turn State's evidence, it would be easier to hang Davis than any other man named in connection with this crime."

The plot to burn the Northern cities was developed or referred to in the letter of W. S. Oldham, a Senator from Texas in the Confederate Congress. In that letter the writer spoke of an interview held by himself and Senator Johnson with President Davis, a few days before, in relation to a project to burn the Federal shipping towns, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Portland, etc.; to burn every vessel leaving the United States for foreign ports, to burn every transport going from the harbor of New York or other ports with supplies for the Federal armies, and to burn every transport and gunboat on the Mississippi, besides devastating the country and filling the people with terror and consternation. It seems that in the interview of Senators Oldham and Johnson with Davis, he suggested some objections to the plan, not as improper or undesirable, but as probably not feasible. He wanted the thing done if it could be, but was afraid that it couldn't. And Oldham's letter, to which we have referred, was subsequently written, to convince him that the plot was entirely practicable, and he was requested to have an interview with Gen. Harris, formerly member of Congress from Missouri, who, Oldham said, would remove any doubts that might remain in his mind. On the back of Oldham's letter, found among Davis's papers, was this endorsement:

W. S. Oldham, Richmond, February 12, 1865, in relation to the plans and means of burning the enemy's shipping towns, etc.

Preparations are in the hands of Prof. McCullough, and are known only to him.

One party asks the President to have an interview with Gen. Harris, formerly from Missouri, on the subject—or the Secretary of State at his convenience. Please see Gen. Harris, and learn what plan he has for overcoming the difficulty heretofore experienced.

Received February 17, 1865.—J. D.

The other links in this chain will be forthcoming when the government puts Davis on trial either for murder or for treason.

New School General Assembly.—The Extracts below from the Proceedings of this body recently in session at Brooklyn, together with the fact that two Colored Delegates were admitted on terms of full equality, show that even the very elementss are melting in the fervent heat of the terrible events of the past four years.

After singing and prayer by Father Gleason, the Rev. Samuel Sawyer of East Tennessee, addressed the meeting. We abridge from the report of the daily *Union*: Said he—A remark has been made here to-night that ministers of the Gospel shall henceforth be free to utter their honest sentiments. They always should have been free. (Applause.) I remember that in the Assembly of Tennessee some fourteen years ago the Rev. Dr. Rote remarked, when a petition upon the subject of temperance was presented, that it was all wrong, that our ministers should not meddle with matters intended to go before the Legislature. I replied that it was eminently appropriate that we should act upon it, to strengthen the hands of virtue and advance the cause of morality; and then he broke out into one of his harangues about the "Free South" and the presumption of clergymen who pretended to dictate to the "quality." Some present said that the devil often acted through agents, and when he could get some venerable old man to lead the way, he was never better pleased, and when he could get a minister he would stand in the background himself. (Applause.) I have seen the effect of that terrible attack upon our ministers. He then referred to the treatment of chaplains in the army, and related his own experience under a General whose name he would not give. It was so gross and outrageous that one chaplain was induced to send in his resignation. This Gen. Buell would not accept, but indorsed it: "Respectfully returned in consequence of the insulting indorsement of General ——." This was all on account of that offensive, outrageous, heartless attack upon the clergymen of this land who had manliness enough to stand up for the right. A brother here to-night said there were some here from Eastern Tennessee who would have something to say. In behalf of my people there it is enough for me to say that we share your joy at the successful issue of this war. It has closed by laying slavery in the grave. Tennessee is ready for that grand consummation. I stood in the Capitol of that State and participated in the obsequies of our martyred President. I heard Andrew Johnson when he stated his belief that God smiled upon the work we have accomplished. "Thank God!" he said, "that at length the domineering, tyrannical, despotic, diabolical system of slavery is buried in the grave!" I heard him utter those sentiments without a qualifying word, and he seemed to me to exult that the work was done. I hold in my hand a letter from a lady brought up in East Tennessee, in which she says: "It seems to me God's justice that Andrew Johnson should close up this war, and that the hand of rebels should have led him on."

Suffrage for the Freedmen.

The Assembly convened at the usual hour this morning.

The Committee on the State of the Union made a lengthy report, in which they took ground in favor of extending the elective franchise to the colored adult population of the Southern States.

A warm discussion ensued, the several speakers taking ground in favor of free suffrage. One speaker declared that it was necessary to prevent the rebel party in the South from obtaining control of the State governments. The negroes will create a balance of power in favor of freedom.

The Moderator remarked briefly that there appeared to be a great unity of sentiment, and it would be well to take a vote, so as to proceed to other business.

The report was accordingly put to vote and adopted. The Assembly then united in singing the national anthem.

### *PERSONAL.*

Hon. Martin F. Conway, formerly member of Congress from Kansas, has removed to Richmond, Va., and entered upon the practice of the law.

Mr. Frederick Seward, who last week had a serious relapse, is improving again, and hopes are entertained that he will have no more hemorrhages of the wound in his head.

Mrs. Gen. Roger A. Pryor comes up regularly to our Commissary at Petersburg to draw the rations designated for the poor of the city.

It is stated that the difficulty between Gens. Sheridan and Warren, growing out of the removal from his command by the former at the battle of Five Forks, has been satisfactorily explained, and the two Generals are now the best of friends. But Gen. Warren has resigned his Commission as Maj.-General of Volunteers.

In the election for House of Delegates the Disunionists swept Virginia as far as known. In the Alexandria district, Wm. Dulany, Fairfax Court House, who has a bitter hatred to the Union and became a cripple in the Rebel service, has been elected to the Senate, and J. A. English, no less bitter, to the House. English took the oath of allegiance only the night before he announced himself as a candidate.

Gen. Howard of the Freedmen's Bureau has designated the following State Commissioners: Virginia, Capt. O. Brown, Assistant Quartermaster; North Carolina, Horace James; South Carolina and Georgia, Major-Gen. Rufus Saxton; Alabama, Major T. W. Osborn; Mississippi, Major E. Whittlesey; Louisiana, Chaplain James W. Conway; Missouri and Arkansas, Brig.-Gen. J. W. Sprague; Kentucky and Tennessee, Brig.-Gen. Fiske.

Robert Browning is living in the extreme western part of London, keeping house with his son, surrounded by all the old Florentine furniture endeared by the memories of Casa Guidi. His own verdict is, that he never worked harder in his life, nor has he lost any of his old love for Italy, the "woman country," that hopes to claim him once more for her own. Young Browning, who is now studying with a tutor, expects to enter Baliol College, Oxford, in two years. He promises to be a very accomplished man, being already an excellent pianoforte performer. The boy is very like his mother in appearance, although his coloring is quite different.

It is authoritatively denied that any of the dispatches of Gen. Sherman have ever been suppressed by the War Department; and it is also positively asserted that the particular dispatches publicly referred to recently have never reached the War Office. The Secretary of War, in the action he took relative to Gen. Sherman's famous memorandum, has been unanimously sustained by the President and Cabinet in Cabinet meeting.

Gen. Sherman will retain command for the present of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which comprises the following States: Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. His headquarters will probably be at Cincinnati.

The ghost of McClellan reappears now and then. In the trial of the assassin, Capt. Wermerskirch, a German, testified to having found the photographs of Jeff. Davis, Lee, and others, in albums at Mrs. Surratt's house, and a photograph of Wilkes Booth hidden in the back of a little family picture.

Hereupon the lawyer for Mrs. Surratt tried to prove that such likenesses were to be found in the houses of loyal persons. After whispering to his client he asked, "Did you not find photographs of Union Generals there?"

To which the reply was, "No, sir, none; there was one of McClellan." [Counsel, indignant.] "Well, sir, was not he a Union General?" "I don't exactly know; I believe he was employed on our side."

The Rev. M. D. Conway, in an article on Richard Cobden, in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, says that Cobden told him that when in this country he was at one time travelling with Jefferson Davis and McClellan, and that Davis whispered to him that in case of war "that man [McClellan] is one of the first we should put into service."

Radical Unitarianism.—The Free Church at Florence, Mass., of which Charles C. Burleigh is minister, have passed and published the following resolutions on the treatment their delegates received at the late Unitarian Convention in this city:

Resolved, That the dishonorable, arrogant, and unchristian conduct of certain members of the late Unitarian Convention, exhibited in low blackguardism towards the delegates which this society had sent, pursuant to the invitation extended to it in the call for said Convention, and after the Committee on Credentials had duly admitted said delegates to seats in the Convention, shows how difficult it is for a man to be a priest and have, at the same time, a tolerant, enlarged, and magnanimous soul.

Resolved, That we see in the priestly arrogance and intolerance of the majority of the Convention towards that class of persons who have concluded to do their own thinking, another evidence of the tendency of a hierarchy to stand, as it has stood in all ages, an obstacle in the path of human progress.

Resolved, That the action of said Convention tends to confirm the wisdom and necessity of such organizations as the Free Congregational Society of Florence, which combines the advantages of associate effort, without ecclesiastical trammels, and a platform without a creed, for the utterance of human thought without a fetter.

The press has widely commented on the fact that there were no colored troops in the grand review last week at Washington, and an *intention* to exclude them has been charged on the government. We are told, on authority which we cannot dispute, that—for some reason—there were no colored soldiers at that time nearer Washington than City Point, where one or two brigades were stationed. It was contemplated by the Secretary of War and Gen. Grant to order them to Washington for the sake of having them make part of the review. We think that ought to have been done. It would have been no more than a just recognition of their claim to special consideration and regard, but it was finally decided otherwise on the ground that it would occasion great trouble and expense, as other troops would have to be brought from other points to put in their place. It was a wrong decision, and exposes the government to the charge of indifference and neglect of the negro troops, yet we do not arraign it as an act of intentional exclusion and insult.

Last week we copied doubtfully in our news column the telegraphic account of a negro conspiracy at Memphis for the murder of paroled rebel prisoners. Gen. Washburn now telegraphs that the whole story was a lie—the whole of it. No fact existed on which to base the fabrication, and we are left to suppose that the narrative was forged for no other purpose than to blacken the reputation of negro soldiers. Gen. Washburn, therefore, owes it to them to trace out the author of the calumny. It will perhaps be punishment enough to expose him—yet the mischief he meant to do has been partly done.

### *RECONSTRUCTION.*

The *Journal of Commerce* of the 10th inst., speaking of the drift of public sentiment in the South, gives a report of a meeting of Southern people held in Memphis on the 1st inst. There were about 1,000 persons present, described as "old residents of West Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi," and the *Journal of Commerce* very justly calls it an important meeting. Several "widely known Southern gentlemen" are mentioned as taking part in the proceedings, and among those whose speeches are reported are "Judge J. T. Swayne, who in 1860 delivered the famous charge to the Grand Jury," and "Col. Grace, who drew the resolutions for the secession of Arkansas." The meeting, as well as the speakers, seemed to consist of persons "who were aforetime secesh in their sympathies."

The opening speech, made by Judge Swayne, the chairman, described at length the utter hopelessness of the situation of the South. Gen. Lee, he said, had seen the absolute necessity of surrendering his army, the last resource of the Confederacy. The people of the South, evidently weary of the war already, seemed to have accepted this surrender as the end of the strife. And even if they still wished to continue the contest, where could commissaries be safely gathered for a Southern army? where powder or balls be made? where arms be made or repaired? Where may a President or Cabinet reside? Where may railroads or any transportation be maintained by the South? He would not ask his hearers what were their *sympathies*, or what they would *prefer*, but what they must accept as the lesson of the past four years? For himself, he thought that these were the inevitable issues, namely:

1st. *That this country must be and remain one, undivided.*
2d. *That property in the negro shall cease. I do not think that more than these were the objects of the war, or will be insisted upon by the voice of the country.*

Judge Swayne proceeded to ask, and to advise, as follows:

"Are you prepared to accept these as the issues decided by war? Why not? Can you change them? Acceptable or not, they must be accepted. They are the arbitrament of war, whose decrees are as stern and unrelenting as its voice. The opinions and customs of men and nations—and they may have been for long years cherished; they may be as the apple of the eye—are upturned and rooted out and utterly set aside by war. It is naught against us that we yield to what we cannot prevent. No honor is lost by the South or any in the South by so doing. If she felt wronged, and justified in appealing to the sword, she has been vindicated by the use of the sword, and in that gallantry displayed which will hereafter be the boast and praise of the common country, making it, with that like gallantry of the North, supremely respected and dreaded of all the nations of the earth; vindicated, though her every soldier has fallen; vindicated, though losing forever the independence she sought, and all hope for it.

It matters not how many would have praised who now blame, had the fortunes of war been on the side of the South. It matters not whether the causes of the war were just or unjust. It is enough that its issues are decided, and it is wisdom now not to resist them, and folly to resist."

Col. Grace, of Arkansas, followed, in a speech commencing thus:

"Fellow-citizens: *I am the man who drew up the ordin

of protection which government owes to the poor whites of the South, hitherto the tools and victims of the criminals in question. The composition of the very meeting above reported shows what a fatal hold the old prestige of the pro-slavery aristocracy has upon them. They do not understand even how to hold a meeting of their own, in advocacy of their own most obvious interests, but must wait until some Judge or Colonel, some "widely-known Southern gentleman," calls them together. The custom of their whole lives has been to be a jective and not substantives; and now that it is indispensable for them to return to the Union, they know no other way to accomplish this than to let themselves be *taken* back, by the very rascals who, four years ago, took them out! Such men need protection, and need education, even more than the negroes do; for the latter have at least sense enough to run away from their masters. But

3. The negroes also need protection, being just now threatened with a very great danger if the pro-slavery aristocracy shall retain, in any manner or degree, their leading position in the South.

Slavery, like secession, is nearly extinct, seeming now just about to give up the ghost. But the old chiefs of the Slave Power, who are intriguing (as above) to retain their leadership in the coming reconstruction, will intrigue as zealously to get for their class what may yet be gained out of the peculiar and anomalous position of the freedman. They will oppose his being a voter. They will oppose his being a landholder. They will oppose his admission as a witness in courts of justice. They will oppose his having equal school rights, equal church rights, equal rights in the street, the market, the place of amusement, the vehicle of public conveyance. They will oppose his having any *equal* rights whatever. And if the poor whites of the South, still forming the mass of the population, are still to be under the influence of such leaders, what chance have the negroes for justice, or even for the substantial benefits of freedom? They will be ground down to a position as near that of slavery as possible. They will still be "*the* laboring class"; and the feeling of the South, in that case, will still stigmatize labor as degrading.

These considerations, it seems to me, require careful watch, by all lovers of freedom, over all reconstruction movements commenced in the South; and also over all, South or North, which propose a restoration of the rebel leaders to the lands, the stations, the functions, or to any participation in the political and social power, which they have so grossly abused. C. K. W.

## *TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

DEAR FRIENDS: As the Western Anti-Slavery Society has, in fact, ceased to exist, in consequence of its failure to hold its appointed annual meetings for the last four years past, it is due to you that the Executive Committee to whom you entrusted its affairs at the last annual meeting, held in Salem, September 22, 1860, should report to you the state of its affairs and the disposition made by them of the property of the Society. At a meeting of the Executive Committee and others, members of the Society, held in Salem on the 16th of April last, the undersigned were appointed a committee to make such a statement; and also to make such disposition of any unappropriated funds remaining on hand, as they may deem most conducive to the object for which the Society has existed and labored.

It is fitting that we sorrowfully preface our statement by reference to the fact, that since the last meeting of the Society, we have been called to mourn the loss by death of three members of the Executive Committee appointed on that occasion: Benjamin S. Jones, J. Smith Baird, and James Barnaby; and to this catalogue of bereavements we add the name of Benjamin Bown, for a time President of the Society, and for many years (though not at the time of his death) an active, reliable member of the Executive Committee. These all were men whose laborious, self-denying, faithful service in behalf of liberty, you knew, and now thankfully remember as their chief honor and crown of glory. Especially was the Society indebted to Benjamin S. Jones, for his years of arduous labor, devoted to the slave, as a public lecturer and as editor of its paper, the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*.

During the Autumn and Winter after the last annual meeting in 1860, Mrs. A. K. Foster remained in Ohio, and gave herself with all her marvellous devotion and energy to the promotion of the work of the Society, and especially to the effort to place the *Anti-Slavery Bugle* on a substantial and living basis. In this she had the cooperation of the Executive Committee. The effort was unsuccessful, and its failure produced the conviction on the minds of a part of the Committee, that with the small number of subscribers remaining to the paper, and our inability materially to increase the number, its continued publication was not the wisest and best method for the expenditure of the money and labors of the Society. Thus matters continued till the slaveholders commenced the war, and the nation girded itself for the conflict of arms. Then the Committee became united in the opinion that in this hurricane of human passions, it was impossible, with any means at their disposal, to sustain the paper or even to prosecute ordinary anti-slavery work. A devoted friend did, indeed, liberally proffer to make good all deficiencies in the expense of publication for six months. But the Committee, believing there was no prospect of sustaining the paper after that period, except by similar individual liberality, and in view of the small number of subscribers and its consequent limited influence, in connection with the popular excitement and the changed state of affairs in the nation, voted to discontinue the paper on the 4th of May, 1861, and to transfer the subscription list to the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, with the condition that the STANDARD was to be furnished to the prepaid subscribers of the *Bugle* to the amount of the Society's indebtedness to them. This measure was faithfully carried out, as we believe, to the satisfaction of all interested.

The press and types were subsequently sold at a fair price, and the tent owned by the Society, under which so many grand conventions had assembled and deliberated, now too much worn to be valuable for its former use, was cut up and the material sold. From the sale we realized one hundred dollars, besides about twenty dollars worth of its material which was sent to the freedmen in Mississippi, where it was most welcome and useful.

The Treasurer's books show that at the time of the last annual report (September, 1860) there was on hand $225.64, and since that time there has been received from all sources, subscriptions, collections, and sale of tent and printing materials, $1,603.98, making the total receipts since the last report, $1,829.62. The Treasurer has paid out during the same time, $1,796.30, leaving a balance in his hands of $33.32.

This amount has been appropriated, and will be immediately paid over to the Western branch of the Freedmen's Union, to aid in its now earnest labors to secure the elective franchise for the newly emancipated men of the South.

The money paid out by the Treasurer was mainly to cancel debts to the printer, editor, and publishing agent of the *Bugle*; though some appropriations were made for lecturing agencies, some in aid of the effort for the Constitutional Amendment, and some for travelling expenses of delegates to meeting of American Anti-Slavery Society.

The money of the Society has thus been all appropriated. There are, however, debts due the Society amounting to $260.45, a part of which can probably be collected. The Committee have instructed the undersigned if possible to make these collections, and appropriate them when made to the benefit of the freedmen, or to some object in harmony with the original purpose of the Society, as they may judge best.

The Abolitionists have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing millions of men and women made free. They know, and the world acknowledges, that they made fitting and necessary contributions to this end. And this though it came not as they desired and sought under the auspices of truth, and peace, and love; but with the clang of arms, the horrid desolations of war and its rivers of human blood. From the first organization of anti-slavery elements in Ohio, in 1833, to the present time, Abolitionists have stood the uncompromising, unsubjugated and unyielding friends of the slave. Their warnings, rebukes and entreaties fell upon the ear of a nation deaf as the adder and besotted in its purpose to continue in crime. Their words were not in vain, though the world so believed, and mocked that they continued to utter them. They so contributed their part towards the national education as to make its salvation possible by the last expedient—the convulsions of war. What, in our earnestness of will but feebleness of means, we sought to do, his miracle of war hath wrought and is now making perfect.

Still our cooperation is needed. The voice of freedom and justice yet is: "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward," until human chattelism is legally extinct and impossible everywhere in the land; till the work of emancipation is perfected by the equal citizenship of all.

JOEL MCMILLAN,
JOHN GORDON,
M. R. ROBINSON, } Committee.

Salem, May 20, 1865.

## *IT IS TIME TO BURY THE "NEGRO" IN THE MAN.*

THE thinking mind of this country has been and is very much exercised on the question of "what shall be done with the negroes for their good and for the welfare of the country?" Every honest man acknowledges that as we have caused their emancipation we must do our part in fitting them for freedom. Can they be made fit for citizenship? Can they be made as industrious and valuable as other members of society? It is not to be denied that a large number of intelligent people think that they are rather inferior, or, at any rate, from their degraded condition, can never be made valuable citizens, except in a state of recognized subordination to the whites. There is another large class of people who think that, if they can be raised up, it must, in any event, be a slow process; and probably the very apostles of negro elevation will admit in their inner mind that the problem of fitting negroes for a valuable and intelligent citizenship is a hard one. In my opinion the problem will be solved much more easily than many suppose; because God will solve it, as He has solved the way, by natural laws applied in His Providence to the case. I do not agree with either of the ultra schools of negro philosophy. The school of Wendell Phillips, and of many who did not hold his extreme views, hold in substance that the negro can be put upon an equality with the whites. Legally he may be, but socially he never will be. It is simply an impossibility. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. It is entirely true that a black man may be elevated morally, intellectually, and politically, so that we shall readily and cheerfully admit his equality in these particulars. A Christian and a Republican will deny no rights, before the law, to any man. But it will not change the natural facts. The negro carries with him ear-marks visible to all, and he must remain a negro. But there is another fact which, for this generation, works the same thing. A race of degraded, dark-minded men, cannot be elevated in one generation. They must not only be free—not only educated—but there are other things wanting. They must have the *habit* of elevation; they must lose the memory of the scourge; they must feel that no superior race looks down upon them.—*"Veteran Observer," in N. Y. Times, May 22.*

By clearing away the rubbish that obscures this question, "what shall be done with the negro," the answer is plain to every honest mind—*Let him alone?* Stand from between him and the sun. If he is not strong enough, with the bayonet in his right hand and the ballot in his left, to bear the height and glory of our western civilization, let him die. Why do more for Africans than Irishmen? If we welcome all foreigners alike to this continent, to develop its boundless resources, and make for themselves a home in whatever latitude or longitude may seem to them best, if we extend to all the rights, immunities, and privileges of citizens of a republic, why should Africans demand any special legislation or protection at our hands?

"Hath not a negro eyes? Hath not a negro hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Summer and Winter" as a white man is? Then why not subject him to the same code of laws, morals, and social customs that governs other races? Henceforth let us legislate for men; we have puzzled ourselves long enough in making special laws for the black race. We have done for them what we have done for no other foreign nation, brought them to our shores at our own expense; by special statutes guarded them from the dangers of freedom, jury trial, free schools and marriage; infused our best blood into their veins; concentrated the thought of Church and State, priests and lawgivers, to expound our creeds and codes touching their rights; we have done our very best to christianize and civilize the black man, and all to no purpose. "He is a negro still, his ear marks are visible to all," and we stand to day seemingly as befogged on the question of his rights as did our Fathers in the Constitutional Convention of '87. Assuming that for the last generation we have done the best we know how, suppose we modestly resign our work, and allow the *negro* to try the experiment of self-government—the solution of the "difficult problem" that has so long puzzled the nation. Perchance he may prove our failure the result of our ignorance and not of his low organization, and by nicer laws he may reveal the "ear marks" of a common humanity, visible to the most prejudiced "observer." The "veteran of the *Times*" need have no fears that it will take a long time to solve this problem. When we look at Fredrick Douglass, but yesterday a trembling, cringing slave, to day a self-poised, noble, man, an able editor, an eloquent orator, gracing alike the forum and the fireside, it is absurd to say "it will take a generation" to develop the manhood of his race. Who that has seen the hauteur of the beautiful mulatto women of the South, can imagine they remember with *humility* "the scourge and degradation of the slave?" Does not the memory of injustice move us rather to the proudest scorn, and sting us quickly to an elevation that no ordinary experience of life can give? Would you know the power of yonder quiet brook, now gently hastening to lose itself in the great ocean—dam up its waters and try to hold it by your will. So man is mightier in his wrongs than in the possession of his unquestioned rights. Nature asserts herself with wonderful quickness and power when an artificial pressure is suddenly removed. Remember that freedom, dignity, and self-respect are native to the soul of man, and liberty his normal condition. By an eternal law of reaction that governs a like matter and mind, the aggregated years and powers that have held the black man at our feet once removed, he will quickly rise to diviner heights than the proudest Saxon holds.

As to social equality, which the "veteran observer" declares impossible, why assert that a people like us, born under the most liberal institutions among nations, should be incapable of substituting principle for prejudice?

Foreign nations have no prejudice against color. In the highest circles in London and Paris one meets black men and women as equals. Our Southern chivalry have no prejudice against color, as their affiliation in the nearest relations attest. There is none in nature; children accustomed to black nurses love them as dearly as their mothers, and safely nestle in their arms. Social equality is the result of education, refinement, and wealth. Wendell Phillips does not propose to thrust into our first circles the Englishman from the coal mines of Cornwall, the Irishman from his potato patch in Kilkenny, nor the negro from the everglades of Florida, but why should the ignorance and vulgarity of these classes exclude from our élite circles such of their countrymen as Lord Lyons, James T. Brady, a Douglass, or a Dumas? E. C. S.

THE following is extracted from an article in the *Herald* of last Sunday. If we are to have Sunday papers, they cannot contain too much of the kind of truth with which this extract abounds. Especially is the humiliating confession near the close, worthy of profound attention. The North may well ask, "are we guiltless of that fearful spirit of barbarism created by slavery, and developed in this rebellion?"

The simple truth is that the whole system of Southern society, under that pernicious social institution of African slavery, was poisoned and demoralized with the elements of barbarism. Trained from his childhood in idleness and extravagance, in the free exercise of the lash over refractory "niggers," and in all the cruelties and passions incident to despotic power over them, and taught against his white neighbor the uses of the shot gun, pistol, and bowie knife in the lessons of chivalry, the Southern slaveholder, as a rule, was little better, if you scratched him, than a ferocious barbarian. There were and are, we know, many good men among Southern slaveholders, whose examples of true refinement, Christian charity to their slaves, and simple hospitalities, have done much to redeem the whole class in the world's opinion; but this late terrible war at once disclosed the ruling character of the South. He came forth in the fierce barbarian, the natural product of the "peculiar institution," and in all his sanguinary propensities he stood out in bold relief. The restraints of peace and the world's opinion were removed by the war, and this ruling Southern character, with the ignorant, debased, and besotted "poor whites" at his back, speedily subjected the Southern elements of law and order to a reign of terror and subordination to brute force.

Experience is the mother of wisdom. We can now clearly perceive from her instructions that President Lincoln, in biding his time, and when the time had come, in striking at the Southern institution of slavery, struck at the root of the rebellion, and all the evils which produced it. But how keenly the pro-slavery leaders and their adherents in the rebellion felt the blow and foresaw the consequences, if not arrested by some desperate undertaking, we only, with the assassination of President Lincoln, began fully to comprehend. That Jeff. Davis and his associate rulers at Richmond were confederates in the plots of all these rebel Canadian spies, pirates, yellow fever vagabonds, incendiaries and assassins, is morally proved from the evidence produced on the trial of Mrs. Surratt and Company, and in the Canadian trial of Blackburn. All this is perfectly natural, if we look to the incidents and teachings of that demorelizing institution of Southern slavery. President Lincoln, all other means failing, resolved to slay the dragon, and did slay it; but at the cost of his own life in the dying struggles of the monster.

But are not we of the loyal States, from the very organization of the government responsible, to a great extent, for this demoralizing institution of African slavery and its terrible consequences? Are we, of the North, guiltless of that fearful spirit of barbarism created by slavery and developed in this rebellion?

## *MEETING OF*
## THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY
## AT
## COOPER INSTITUTE,
*Friday Evening, May 12th, 1865.*

## WENDELL PHILLIPS ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

Phonographically reported by GEO. R. BISHOP.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This meeting is held under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which will account for my taking the chair without nomination. The subject which it has been called to consider is, the Suffrage of the Negro—the agitation of that claim on every ground—that of its justice and that of its necessity to the country, and especially of its agitation now when the great questions which underlie the future of the country are to receive, if not a final settlement, at least one that will be decisive, probably for many a year. We talk familiarly of amendments to the Constitution, and the war has accustomed us to such rapid changes of opinion, that we hardly recollect how slow a nation is to change its fundamental law, what vast effort it requires to move the mass to strike out from the record a principle which has once been sacredly placed there. Recollect that since 1789 until this present year, there has never been anything that can fairly be considered an amendment of any *principle* incorporated in the United States Constitution. It has taken some seventy years to effect a single change in the substratum of the instrument. Now, of course, these four years of super-active life make us exceedingly hopeful as to the possibility of changes and progress in the future. But it is wise to count only on what we may fairly expect, and not what we may merely hope. Our conduct surely should be based on probable expectations, and certainly the past gives us no reason to hope that, if there be a settlement on certain principles now, there will be any very great change in them for a considerable time after. Whatever, therefore, the nation does, it should do with the expectation that, for our lives, it is, in a large sense, a finality. Of course, we indulge the hope that it will not be: we will never tie our hands; we will never gag our lips; we will never intermit our tireless agitation for something better. But the laws of national life are as certain as the laws of physical life, and this is the lesson they read us.

Now, with that principle before us, let us go back for a moment to the formation of the Constitution. In 1789, the subject of individual liberty had received not only earnest discussion, but led the way to the fevered activity of war as much as in our own day; and when 1789 passed over the country, this was its situation. Pennsylvania had begun, and Massachusetts had completed, the emancipation of every slave upon her soil. All the rest of what are now New England States had commenced emancipation. New York had placed upon her statute book, I think, the first of her regulations looking to this result. Maryland boasted the vigorous eloquence of Pinckney and the devoted zeal of Luther Martin in the same cause—two men of the largest influence in their State, and of the widest national influence. Virginia, the leading colony of the thirteen, and certainly the head of the slave States, rested passive in the hands of Chancellor Wythe, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington, and these four were open and avowed and earnest emancipationists. Patrick Henry was almost the same, and the cause of the negro claimed every great name in Virginia on its side. South Carolina then as now was the nucleus of a malignant aristocracy, and Georgia was only a frontier picket-station. The Colonies, assembled in Convention, had just ratified the great statute of 1787, which pledged the territory of the Great West to freedom, unconditional and permanent. What sky could be brighter? Beneath it were the yeasty waves of the Revolutionary enthusiasm, white with all the fervor of the love of liberty; and the great tide set bravely toward universal liberty under the influence of leading men. It seemed as if disaster and touched the very citadel of the enemy, and victory was certain. But, as Napoleon says, it is the last fifteen minutes that decides the victory, and it was just in those fifteen minutes that our forefathers folded their hands and went to sleep, and while they slept, the devil, in the robes of South Carolina, sowed tares. He dropped into the fertile soil of the Sea Islands a bag of cotton seed, and many and tall branches, terminating in the civil war of 1861, were the harvest. (Applause.) Our fathers compromised with the devil and got the worst half of the bargain. They postponed what they knew to be *justice*, and how near their seemingly wise *policy* came to ruining the nation, this war shows.

Now, the question to-day is, with brighter hopes, with a larger expectation, with a certainty, in all human phrase, that we never can go quite back to the great mistake of 1789, but with that lesson behind us, burned in on our hearts, will the present hour have vigilance to see that by no possibility of mistake, of indifference, of heedlessness, of lack of sagacity, of lack of devotion, shall this harvest, so costly, bought with so much treasure and blood, fail to be fully reaped. I have as much hope as any man. I have no doubt that when the stake of this year is set down by fate, it will be a vast stride ahead of anything that the nation has gained hitherto. But that is not the question. The question for my mind is, whether this problem of race, this element of the antipathy between different bloods, is to be to-day forever eliminated from our history. (Applause.) To be sure it is not strictly correct to call it a problem of race, since the last century has so completely amalgamated the two races at the South that no line could be drawn which would separate them. But we may talk so for present convenience. There are great questions enough beyond—financial, social, relating to the largest national interests; but as Abraham Lincoln said, "One war at a time," so all good sense says, One question at a time; and to-day the question is one of race—the only one our fathers omitted from their consideration in 1789. Now, therefore, to my mind, the question which presses on the consciences and duty of the anti-[illegible] men in this country, is, if possible, to-day, now, to wipe out from every Constitution and statute-book forever the word White. (Applause.)

How shall it be done? I have no doubt that when the anti-slavery men began, in the short-sightedness inevitable to men commencing a great enterprise, they contemplated simply the abolition of slavery by law, in peaceful times, by the conversion of public sentiment, by the submission or consent of the Southern States. In process of time, it became evident to every thoughtful man that slavery was stronger apparently than the nation itself. One large wing of the anti-slavery movement finding this state of things, changed its front. It said, Under this Constitution it is hopeless to struggle against anything so strong; we must break the bond asunder, and, removing this dread temptation, this great shackle on national movements, the Union, we must then fight, with the moral forces of the Continent, this great social question. It was a distinct, emphatic change of base, dictated by the newly-found necessities of the question. To-day a new chapter opens before us. God has dashed the system to pieces with the thunder-bolts of battle. (Applause.) What are the fragments? Why, a nation at the North, divided, not equally, perhaps not largely, but still divided as to the question of settlement. Prejudice of race still endures; caste is still strong. On the other side of the line at the South, the white race is subdued, but not converted—subjugated, but its opinion is not changed. It is an idle question to ask, and shows but the most superficial consideration or appreciation of national life, to suppose that that South which could be massed up into such a dread effort against the Union of these States has been converted in a couple of years by defeat on the battle-field. No man who knows human nature can believe such a thing. It will take this whole generation to make the South submissive to the change: no reasonable man can expect that the Southern white men, as a mass, will cordially accept it. What is to be done with them, then? It is idle to talk of punishment. You cannot, said Burke, indict a nation. I cannot draw an indictment against a whole people, said the great British orator. It would be in vain, also, to indict as guilty of murder fourteen States, or to convict them of treason. Every unnecessary severity is cruel; and if this nation is as strong as it seems to be, it does not need vengeance. (Applause.) The serene elasticity of a structure of government which has borne the rebellion of '61 with hardly a jar, which never felt the assassination of its Chief-Magistrate in the crisis of civil war, but moved majestically forward undisturbed, is too strong to tremble before even ten such States in arms. (Applause.) I would not proclaim, then, to the world such a lurking consciousness of weakness as would be evinced by a great people's taking vengeance on a section which it had subdued. (Applause.) What, by the world, will be the appreciation of our condition if it be supposed that our safety lies simply in the extermination of those men outside the picket line? "Oh," said Uncle Toby to the insect that disturbed him, raising the window, "the world is wide though for thee and me, poor fly." So I would say to the leaders of the Confederacy. I shall never consent to the death of Jefferson Davis until I fear his life. He is weaker alive, a ridiculous fugitive, than dead and buried in the sympathies of millions. Let him live, then. I once said of JOHN BROWN, "Virginia dared not let him live." No man, with my consent, shall have it to say of this strong, serenely secure Nation, "It dared not let Davis live." We are too strong to need vengeance, but what we do need is security—a status in the future which will render a repetition of the past impossible; and that is exactly what our fathers missed in 1789.

Do we stand any better in regard to this work that is to be done than our fathers did in 1789? Look at it. Our journals now and then, sometimes systematically for a few weeks, advocate a radical treatment of the civil question—the reconstruction of the Rebel States. Some of our political men pledge themselves to it. Now and then—perhaps I ought in justice to say in a larger proportion—the pulpit advocates it; but when you have said this, you have said all. Go back to the fairest thermometer of the real purposes of the nation on this question of negro suffrage of which I am to speak in a moment, I mean the last debate in the Senate of the United States, and that is the last milestone of national life. A journal's article, recollect, is made to-day, gone to-morrow; a sermon has a certain influence, but it is limited. One or two great men out of place—they are frank in the utterance of their opinions upon this question. Crowning all with a frankness of utterance that does him honor, the Chief-Justice of the United States puts his hand and shoulder to the wheel (loud applause); but mark you, neither of the great parties does so; and they are the tide marks in national affairs; they are the first signs we are to look for when a great national change is to be expected. What assured men of the success of the Constitutional Amendment? Why, that Baltimore was pledged to accept it, representing the dominant party of the Union. How, then, stand the great national thermometers of politics, the Democratic and the Republican party? Pledged, so far as they are pledged at all, against any reconstruction that counts the negro in the basis of the State. No man will doubt that the Democratic party is, and of the Republican party the last record is the debate in the Senate, when Mr. Sumner, assembling I think six, at most eleven, men at his side, some of them Democrats and I think only six of his own party, managed if that is the word—honorably, sagaciously, bravely, patriotically managed—to defeat, by parliamentary tactics, the admission of Lousiana, with her foot on the rights of the negro. (Applause.) Now, while the Democratic party stand there, and the last record of the Republican party is this—Mr. Trumbull distinctly announcing to Mr. Sumner that his victory was transient, that the substantial majority would overwhelm him whenever leisure was had for the discussion of the question; Mr. Trumbull, a negro hater, heading the Senate and Republican majority, and Mr. Fessenden of Maine, a worse nature still on this topic, expecting next session to help him marshall it—it is fair to say, that so far as the question of negro suffrage is concerned in the settlement of this question, it has not conquered recognition in the great arena of political life. It has secured some journals; it has secured influential pulpits; it has secured eloquent lips; it has not yet reached that degree of strength that parties can afford to acknowledge the claims of it; it is not safe for the politician to trust it.

Now, friends, I acknowledge my object in every speech that I make here and everywhere; it is to create such a public sentiment, to level, grade, and put the rails down on such a road, that the political locomotive, Democratic or Republican—I don't care which—can safely run forward. (Applause.) My object is, an act—I don't care who does it; it is a result—God bless the hand by which it comes, no matter what name it wears. (Applause.) And my only object, if I know myself, is to manifest, or, if necessary, to create, a public opinion that will sustain and justify the Administration in carrying out this purpose. Why is it so valuable? Because liberty in America is not king unless it means suffrage; it is a barren sceptre if it has not a vote in its grasp. (Applause.) Every man who understands the nature of our interlocking of State and Federal governments knows, and the experience of the Union proves to us that there is no means known to the Federal government of checking an injustice on the other side of State lines. State Rights is the limit of Federal power. I think, and this war shows us, that our fathers trusted a degree of sovereignty to the States which is not, it seems to me, consistent with national health. (Applause.) It is not State rights itself, but the degree of State rights, that constitutes the danger. Familiar as you are with the Constitution, you know, of course, that there is one clause wholly devoted to limitations on State sovereignty: A State may not coin money, may not declare war, may not make a treaty, may not invalidate a contract, and other distinct provisions limiting her authority. Now, it seems to me, that the lesson of this war is—and here is my text to-night—the lesson of this war is, and the final triumph of the security of the negro means, that there shall be an additional fetter placed upon State sovereignty—that States, in one respect, shall be brought under the control of the great national idea. (Applause.) It is a singular fact that, unlike all other nations, this nation has yet a question as to what makes or constitutes a citizen. The great basis of our civil architecture is yet unsettled. We have got costly pillars, noble architraves, a superb dome, liberty at the top, but we don't know how far the cellar extends. (Laughter.) No man knows where the corner-stone lies: that is, one party thinks it knows, and the Supreme Court has certain decisions; but it is yet left *in nubibus*, as they say; it is yet left equivocal. I am still bounded by the principle, one question at a time. I don't believe that in my day we shall reach the decision which I consider a finality on any of these questions; which is, that the Union shall undertake to assert in some way the power of the Constitution to distinctly announce what its own citizenship is made up of. But in the meantime we get our citizenship through the channel of the States: what are an individual's rights and powers—what his responsibilities and privileges, depends upon the Legislature of each individual sovereignty. Never, therefore, suppose that the anti-slavery movement is to sleep. Suppose the first glad, triumphant voice that we hear from the restored lips of the Secretary of State is the announcement that henceforth, wherever the flag floats, no shackle can hold a limb! (Applause.) So much is gained. But cast your eyes down into Alabama, far off to Texas, on the verge of the Gulf, in that portion of the plantation life under the shelter of white hatred, and look at the poor race hitherto peeled and meted out, tortured and racked, trodden under foot. Who is to say what the rights of these individuals are? Can they own land? Can they testify in a court of justice? If a man enters their house and wrongs property or daughter, can they go before the tribunals and claim justice with free lips? Can they vote when the great questions which are to affect their destiny and that of the State, of labor and property, are concerned? Are they citizens? That is for white men met at the Capital of the State to say. They can proclaim that no man with a certain skin has any rights which a white man is bound to respect; they can claim that no son of a slave, however white, can vote, testify, hold land, engage in barter and trade—do anything but be a mere drudge in the hands of somebody else. This is their admitted, constitutional, legal right, spite of the Constitutional Amendment, which only secures that a man shall not be sold on the block and that he shall walk where he pleases. Now, you know enough to know that the negro, left to the white citizens of Alabama and Texas, beyond the reach of Northern influence and outside of the shelter of Northern law, will, in all human probability, be a victim for the next twenty-five years. Parchment liberty he has gained; any other liberty he has not gained. British anti-slavery sentiment in 1834 and 1838 was rightfully satisfied with the parchment liberty behind which was the sceptre of victory which could reach to the end of the earth; but for a man who knows that the right of our Supreme Court runs only to the limit of the State, and not over it, in the vastly greater number of cases—who knows that the law laid up at Washington is local to an exceedingly great extent—if he satisfies himself with a parchment liberty for the black man, he has but half done the work to which thirty years ago he pledged his life. (Applause.) To him, therefore, soberly and in grave purpose, I say, I shall esteem the years of my life not only fifty used, but pledged long ago—pledged, if not by actual words, yet in spirit and purpose, to the accomplishment of this end. I shall never relax my appreciation of our condition if it be supposed that our safety lies simply in the extermination of those men outside the picket line? "Oh," said Uncle Toby to the insect that disturbed him, raising the window, "the world is wide though for thee and me, poor fly." So I would say to the leaders of the Confederacy. I shall never consent to the death of Jefferson Davis until I fear his life. He is weaker alive, a ridiculous fugitive, than dead and buried in the sympathies of millions. Let him live, then. I once said of JOHN BROWN. "Virginia dared not let him live." No man, with my consent, shall have it to say of this strong, serenely secure Nation, "It dared not let Davis live." We are too strong to need vengeance, but what we do need is security—a status in the future which will render a repetition of the past impossible; and that is exactly what our fathers missed in 1789.

Do we stand any better in regard to this work that is to be done than our fathers did in 1789? Look at it. Our journals now and then, sometimes systematically for a few weeks, advocate a radical treatment of the civil question—the reconstruction of the Rebel States. Some of our political men pledge themselves to it. Now and then—perhaps I ought in justice to say in a larger proportion—the pulpit advocates it; but when you have said this, you have said all. Go back to the fairest thermometer of the real purposes of the nation on this question of negro suffrage of which I am to speak in a moment, I mean the last debate in the Senate of the United States, and that is the last milestone of national life. A journal's article, recollect, is made to-day, gone to-morrow; a sermon has a certain influence, but it is limited. One or two great men out of place—they are frank in the utterance of their opinions upon this question. Crowning all with a frankness of utterance that does him honor, the Chief-Justice of the United States puts his hand and shoulder to the wheel (loud applause); but mark you, neither of the great parties does so; and they are the tide marks in national affairs; they are the first signs we are to look for when a great national change is to be expected. What assured men of the success of the Constitutional Amendment? Why, that Baltimore was pledged to accept it, representing the dominant party of the Union. How, then, stand the great national thermometers of politics, the Democratic and the Republican party? Pledged, so far as they are pledged at all, against any reconstruction that counts the negro in the basis of the State. No man will doubt that the Democratic party is, and of the Republican party the last record is the debate in the Senate, when Mr. Sumner, assembling I think six, at most eleven, men at his side, some of them Democrats and I think only six of his own party, managed if that is the word—honorably, sagaciously, bravely, patriotically managed—to defeat, by parliamentary tactics, the admission of Lousiana, with her foot on the rights of the negro. (Applause.) Now, while the Democratic party stand there, and the last record of the Republican party is this—Mr. Trumbull distinctly announcing to Mr. Sumner that his victory was transient, that the substantial majority would overwhelm him whenever leisure was had for the discussion of the question; Mr. Trumbull, a negro hater, heading the Senate and Republican majority, and Mr. Fessenden of Maine, a worse nature still on this topic, expecting next session to help him marshall it—it is fair to say, that so far as the question of negro suffrage is concerned in the settlement of this question, it has not conquered recognition in the great arena of political life. It has secured some journals; it has secured influential pulpits; it has secured eloquent lips; it has not yet reached that degree of strength that parties can afford to acknowledge the claims of it; it is not safe for the politician to trust it.

Now, friends, I acknowledge my object in every speech that I make here and everywhere; it is to create such a public sentiment, to level, grade, and put the rails down on such a road, that the political locomotive, Democratic or Republican—I don't care which—can safely run forward. (Applause.) My object is, an act—I don't care who does it; it is a result—God bless the hand by which it comes, no matter what name it wears. (Applause.) And my only object, if I know myself, is to manifest, or, if necessary, to create, a public opinion that will sustain and justify the Administration in carrying out this purpose. Why is it so valuable? Because liberty in America is not king unless it means suffrage; it is a barren sceptre if it has not a vote in its grasp. (Applause.) Every man who understands the nature of our interlocking of State and Federal governments knows, and the experience of the Union proves to us that there is no means known to the Federal government of checking an injustice on the other side of State lines. State Rights is the limit of Federal power. I think, and this war shows us, that our fathers trusted a degree of sovereignty to the States which is not, it seems to me, consistent with national health. (Applause.) It is not State rights itself, but the degree of State rights, that constitutes the danger. Familiar as you are with the Constitution, you know, of course, that there is one clause wholly devoted to limitations on State sovereignty: A State may not coin money, may not declare war, may not make a treaty, may not invalidate a contract, and other distinct provisions limiting her authority. Now, it seems to me, that the lesson of this war is—and here is my text to-night—the lesson of this war is, and the final triumph of the security of the negro means, that there shall be an additional fetter placed upon State sovereignty—that States, in one respect, shall be brought under the control of the great national idea. (Applause.) It is a singular fact that, unlike all other nations, this nation has yet a question as to what makes or constitutes a citizen. The great basis of our civil architecture is yet unsettled. We have got costly pillars, noble architraves, a superb dome, liberty at the top, but we don't know how far the cellar extends. (Laughter.) No man knows where the corner-stone lies: that is, one party thinks it knows, and the Supreme Court has certain decisions; but it is yet left *in nubibus*, as they say; it is yet left equivocal. I am still bounded by the principle, one question at a time. I don't believe that in my day we shall reach the decision which I consider a finality on any of these questions; which is, that the Union shall undertake to assert in some way the power of the Constitution to distinctly announce what its own citizenship is made up of. But in the meantime we get our citizenship through the channel of the States: what are an individual's rights and powers—what his responsibilities and privileges, depends upon the Legislature of each individual sovereignty. Never, therefore, suppose that the anti-slavery movement is to sleep. Suppose the first glad, triumphant voice that we hear from the restored lips of the Secretary of State is the announcement that henceforth, wherever the flag floats, no shackle can hold a limb! (Applause.) So much is gained. But cast your eyes down into Alabama, far off to Texas, on the verge of the Gulf, in that portion of the plantation life under the shelter of white hatred, and look at the poor race hitherto peeled and meted out, tortured and racked, trodden under foot. Who is to say what the rights of these individuals are? Can they own land? Can they testify in a court of justice? If a man enters their house and wrongs property or daughter, can they go before the tribunals and claim justice with free lips? Can they vote when the great questions which are to affect their destiny and that of the State, of labor and property, are concerned? Are they citizens? That is for white men met at the Capital of the State to say. They can proclaim that no man with a certain skin has any rights which a white man is bound to respect; they can claim that no son of a slave, however white, can vote, testify, hold land, engage in barter and trade—do anything but be a mere drudge in the hands of somebody else. This is their admitted, constitutional, legal right, spite of the Constitutional Amendment, which only secures that a man shall not be sold on the block and that he shall walk where he pleases. Now, you know enough to know that the negro, left to the white citizens of Alabama and Texas, beyond the reach of Northern influence and outside of the shelter of Northern law, will, in all human probability, be a victim for the next twenty-five years. Parchment liberty he has gained; any other liberty he has not gained. British anti-slavery sentiment in 1834 and 1838 was rightfully satisfied with the parchment liberty behind which was the sceptre of victory which could reach to the end of the earth; but for a man who knows that the right of our Supreme Court runs only to the limit of the State, and not over it, in the vastly greater number of cases—who knows that the law laid up at Washington is local to an exceedingly great extent—if he satisfies himself with a parchment liberty for the black man, he has but half done the work to which thirty years ago he pledged his life. (Applause.) To him, therefore, soberly and in grave purpose, I say, I shall esteem the years of my life not only fifty used, but pledged long ago—pledged, if not by actual words, yet in spirit and purpose, to the accomplishment of this end. I shall never relax my appreciation of the question of race represented in the negro, till I see inscribed in the Constitution of the United States this amendment: "No State shall make any distinction in civil privileges among persons born on her soil of parents permanently resident there, on account of race, color, or descent." (Loud applause.) The Union is only safe, resting on a homogeneous basis. The war power which has shown us the necessity of this homogeneous basis justifies us in this further encroachment, so to speak, on the reserved rights of the State. We then get the interest, the self-respect, the moral responsibility of every person pledged to the cause of the Union. Never until we do it do we secure the perpetuity of that Union. Men say there is no need of anxiety about the question: Yankee thrift, enterprise, commerce, trade, all the arts of civilization emigrating to the South and carrying thither the character of Northern civilization, will secure the protection of the negro. Commerce, in other words, money, the selfishness of classes, enlightened self-interest and enterprise, will protect the rights of the negro. That is very short-sighted trust. The Englishman is as energetic, as enterprising, as enlightened in matters of self-interest, as we are; he is as anxious to turn an honest penny; he is as thoroughly alive to all the interests that commerce has in the development of the skill of the laborer and the wants of civilization in the customer. He knows both sides of the problem, knows what is demanded in an educated public, what the wants of civilized man, as well as we do. Enterprise, energy, trade, events, went down into Lancashire a hundred years ago; how have they protected the laboring men of Lancashire? Have they placed the masses of that movement on what an American would consider a level of freedom? Have they developed there the education, the social self-respect, the family comfort? Not at all. What makes New England, with the same business, the same character of enterprise, a vastly different population? What scatters the press on its million wings? What makes it impossible to find a native-born New Englander who cannot read and write? What pours out a million of dollars on the handkerchief peninsula of Boston to educate the poorest child born there? Why, it is because not only enterprise, trade, events, went down into New England on the one side, but education and the ballot came down on the other (applause); and when energy and enterprise saw power, represented by the ballot, going down and out in the lines of popular development, they hastened with enlightened selfishness to let intelligence follow quickly in its train. Now, so it will be in Alabama, make it for the interest of trade and commerce and events to protect and develop the negro, I have no doubt he will be developed and protected. (Applause.) But, you see, my problem is the experience of the

# Miscellaneous Department.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face—

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please!

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows,

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim;
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad heart, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like CAIN's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

—*Punch.*

## *LOUIS NAPOLEON'S JULIUS CÆSAR.*

From a Review in the Tribune by GEORGE RIPLEY.

THE interest which attaches to this work is founded on the peculiar circumstances of its authorship, rather than on any intrinsic merit or attractiveness in its contents. It is well understood that the composition of it was designed by His Imperial Majesty to furnish a support to the theory of absolute government, as derived from the conduct and example of the illustrious Roman. The work, accordingly, is written with a view to political effect, and not as a contribution to historical literature. It exhibits erudition of no common order, a patient attention to matters of detail, and a comprehensive appreciation of the general principles of Roman polity. The narrative, however, is based, to a great degree, on the received traditions in regard to the earlier periods of Roman history; no pretension is made to exact or profound critical analysis; and events and incidents are taken for granted which have crumbled away beneath the touch of modern scholarship. It is the family likeness which the Emperor detects between Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, which lends inspiration to his pen. Such men in his view are the special representatives of Providence in history. They stamp a new epoch with the seal of their genius. They mark out a new path for the progress of mankind. In a limited period, they accomplish the labor of centuries.* * *

The history of the dictatorship of Sylla, with that of several previous years, shows that italy demanded the strong hand of a master. Everywhere institutions gave way before the power of an individual, who was supported not only by his own partisans, but by the irresolute multitude, which, wearied by the action of so many opposite parties, aspired to order and repose. It was not in the power of Sylla to establish the Empire. He possessed too little moderation and self-restraint for this purpose. His rule was so cruel and partial, that after his death, the abuses of liberty were forgotten in the memory of the abuses of tyranny. The Gracchi, Marius, and Sylla, had in turn disposed at will of the destinies of the Republic; but their reign was ephemeral; for they only represented factions. Instead of embracing the hopes and interests of all the peninsula of Italy, they favored exclusively particular classes of society.

In order to establish a new and permanent order of things, there was wanted a man, who, raising himself above vulgar passions, should unite the essential qualities of each of his predecessors in his own character, avoiding their faults as well as their errors. It was necessary that he should join to the greatness of soul and love of the people exercised by certain tribunes, the military genius of consummate generals and the vigorous sentiments of the dictator in favor of order and the hierarchy. A man capable of such a lofty mission already existed, though he might long have remained unknown, had he not been discovered by Sylla in the midst of the crowd, and, by persecution, pointed out to public attention. This man, says Louis Napoleon, was Julius Cæsar; and after the long introduction, of which we have presented some of the leading views, the remainder of the work is devoted to the place of Cæsar in history.

By ancestry and alliance, Cæsar inherited the two-fold prestige which is derived from ancient origin and recent renown. His mother was a woman of lofty character and severe morality. Her influence aided the development of his great abilities, and prepared him to act a part in accordance with his destiny. His early education was of the highest order. He neglected nothing which tended to the acquisition of the greatest honors. Ambitious of renown, while yet a youth, he did not confine himself to the study of letters, but engaged in the composition of works which were written in so pure and correct a style that they gained for him the reputation of an eminent writer. His personal traits were of the most admirable promise. He is described by the highest authorities as uniting goodness of heart with singular intelligence, dauntless courage, a persuasive eloquence, a wonderful memory, and an unbounded generosity. Few men possessed in an equal degree the noble quality of calmness under anger. His kindly disposition and gracious manners won for him the ardent affection of the people.

His natural qualities, which were unfolded by a most liberal education, were set off by their combination with rare physical advantages. His tall stature, his well-proportioned limbs, and his manly bearing, stamped his person with superior grace. He had black eyes, a piercing look, a pale complexion, a straight and high nose, and a small and regular mouth, with an expression of peculiar benignity. His broad forehead indicated the strength of his intellectual faculties. He had a sonorous and commanding voice, a noble gesture, and an air of remarkable dignity. His constitution, which was naturally delicate, became robust by the use of frugal regimen, and constant exposure to the inclemency of the weather. He was accustomed from his youth to all bodily exercises, was a bold horseman, and bore privations and fatigues without flinching. His tastes were refined and elegant. He paid special attention to his personal appearance. His dress was always in the height of the fashion. He loved pictures, statues, and jewels. "In fine," says the author, "we discover in Cæsar (at the age of eighteen) both physically and morally, two natures rarely united in the same person. He joined an aristocratic delicacy of body with the nervous temperament of the warrior, the finer graces of the intellect with the habit of profound reflection, the love of luxury and the arts with a passion for military life in all its roughness and simplicity; in a word, he allied the elegance of external forms which seduces, with the energy of character which commands."

At the accession of Pompey and Crassus to the consulship, Cæsar had attained the thirtieth year of his age. Italy had long been a prey to intestine convulsions. Many conflicting passions and interests were still seething in her bosom. The rule of Sylla had thrown everything into disorder. The property and even the life of every citizen was at the mercy of the strongest. There was no more guarantee for justice at Rome. The upper class had been re-instated in their ancient privileges by Sylla, but they could not recover their former prestige. They formed only a powerless oligarchy, while the people were in a state of confusion and distraction. The country was divided between those whom the tyranny of Sylla had enriched, and those whom it had despoiled. The one feared to lose what they had just acquired; the other hoped to regain what they had lost. The elections were the result of a shameless traffic, in which the most detestable means were permitted. The decisions of the legal tribunals were dictated by the most flagrant venality. The army itself had become demoralized by civil wars, and the commanders no longer maintained discipline. Thus, every element in the national existence was smitten with corruption and decay. Brute force presided over the bestowal of power. The magistrates were hopelessly perverted. The authority no longer belonged to the Senate, but to military chieftains. Numerous principles of dissolution afflicted society. Rome was divided into two thoroughly distinct parties: the one, seeing salvation only in the past, attached itself to abuses; the other based its hopes on popular reforms; the first party fell back on the institutions of Sylla; the second had taken the name of Marius as the symbol of progress.

This state of transition was preparing the way for the supremacy of Cæsar, who rapidly passed through the successive steps of political powers until the epoch of his departure for Gaul. At this point, the present volume is brought to a close, with the reflection that destiny was about to open a new path in the career of her favorite son. Cæsar had faith in his destiny, and confidence in his genius; but faith is an instinct, not a calculation, and genius has a foreboding sense of the future, without divining its mysterious course.

The parallel between the career of Julius Cæsar and his own, although not distinctly alluded to, is evidently never absent from the mind of the author, and strikes the key-note in the composition of his work. His acceptance of the Providential, or fatalistic theory of historical development, is intended to support this resemblance, and illustrate the imperial dynasty of France by comparison with the fortunes of the illustrious Roman conqueror. The task demanded no small degree of ingenuity and skill; and these qualities are conspicuous throughout the volume. The facts in the case are lucidly arrayed; every striking circumstance in confirmation of the main purpose of the work is brought forward without comment, but with great artistic effect; there is no attempt at argument, no special pleading, no anxiety for the success of the cause; but all is arranged to produce a strong impression on the mind of the reader, and imbue him with the conviction that the course of the usurper is ordained of Heaven, and the foulest acts of ambition and tyranny are used by Providence for the development of the race. The volume often exhibits great acuteness and subtlety of thought; its language is as limpid, and colorless, and cold as springwater; it betrays no passion, no emotion, no vital interest in humanity, no personal tastes, prejudices, or prepossessions; its pages, in that respect, might have been the product of intellectual machinery; as, in regard to research, historical learning, and methodical arrangement, it may be assumed, is very likely to be the case. But whatever literary aids the imperial author has been able to command in the preparation of his work, its consummate ability will hardly be questioned; its condensed and luminous statements perpetually awaken admiration; and its whole tone and character afford a powerful testimony to the boldness and sagacity of the mind to which it owes its origin.

The translation of this volume is by no means creditable to English scholarship. It bears the marks of excessive haste, of timidity, or of want of experience and skill in the use of language—perhaps of all combined. The first construction that suggested itself to the translator appears to have been chosen; the adherence to the original, though the sense is often mistaken, is at the expense of idiomatic freshness, and betrays a servile tendency; and the prevailing awkwardness and slipshod inelegance of phrase would be disgraceful to a schoolboy. Frequent omissions occur, leaving sentences and clauses of sentences with no attempt at translation, and the delicate shades of meaning expressed by the apt selection of a word, or the skilful turn of a phrase, are almost wholly neglected. The volume has none of the freedom and grace of movement which, next to verbal correctness, is the highest accomplishment of the translator; it reads throughout like a version from a foreign language; showing a stiffness and formality of construction, and a painful monotony, which cannot justly be charged upon the original.

## *MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES.*

IT will be remembered that in the course of last season Mr. Hunt exhibited at a room in Hanover street, Regent street, a picture which we noticed at the time, called the "After-glow in Egypt," with another picture representing the illuminations on London-bridge on the night of the entrance of the Princess of Wales. There are now added to this exhibition a new work by Mr. Hunt and two of his earlier and well-known pictures, "The Light of the World," and "The Awakened Conscience." The new picture is a large portrait group, painted the size of life, of a lady and her young family taking tea in the open air, the table being laid on the lawn or skirts of a park, with a grove of chesnut trees forming the background of the picture. We should say, also, that with these pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt is exhibited a picture by Mr. Martinean, called "The last day in the old Home," a work as remarkable for its realistic method as any of the pictures which it accompanies. So that this little gallery in Hanover street, as far as possible from the Academy, is quite the retreat of the painters of the new school, and the resort of many of the *dilettanti* who admire their works and believe in the future of this style of art. Perhaps we never have to do a less grateful duty than when we have to pronounce upon the works of a painter of genius with peculiar views who will push everything to the extreme. In such a case one is perpetually in rebellion against him; what he insists upon as truth and paints with a vividness which beats nature and daylight hollow, we are obliged to say does not appear true to our eye. There be truths and truths—the truth of the copyist and imitator, and the truth which Phidias, Raphael, and Michael Angelo expounded. That Mr. Holman Hunt is not insensible to the mystic truth of art, we know by his noble picture of "the Saviour in the Temple," an extraordinary work in which he realized a union of the naturalistic with the mystic side of art, in a manner opposed to academic teachings and sympathies, and with a beauty which had been deemed impossible. We doubt whether this can be admitted of "The Awakened Conscience," and "The Light of the World," however much we may be interested in the artist's career, and cordially disposed to admire his work. There is a want of justness and well-regulated perception of truth in art in both of these pictures, which is not found in the much more important work of "The Saviour in the Temple." In both we feel ourselves in presence of an enthusiast, but in the last-named picture there is far more of the master in every sense. Without going back to those pictures, such as the "Valentine and Silva," or "The Hireling Shepherd," when Mr. Hunt was an enthusiast for realistic treatment without the technical power to realize his wishes, we trace in all his work the strong bias towards painting what he sees rather than what he thinks—his objective sense in his art prevails over his subjective, as some would say. In the Egyptian After-glow—in which a girl with a sheaf of corn on her head, with many pigeons fluttering about, and a rich harvest field, is the main feature in the picture—any poetry that might strike the mind in the glowing sky and landscape of the East was, so to speak, accidental; the figure being life size, necessarily became *the* picture, especially as it was painted with a closeness of imitation in every respect particularly attractive to the eye.

The portrait picture now exhibited as the latest work of the artist is an application of his realistic principles to portraiture. How far it succeeds is a matter of opinion upon which those who prefer a likeness of photographic accuracy, and those who think a portrait should be idealized, or "treated" to some extent, will differ very widely. The lady is represented standing at the tea-table, spread in the open air, in the most simple and domestic of attitudes, with one hand on the silver teapot, her attention taken for a moment by some remark. The features are painted with the utmost minuteness, and evidently from study in the open air, so that the complexion is deprived of much of the tone and rich transparency which are so agreeable in quieter lights. The bright lights on the eyes give a singular appearance to the face that would lead us to mistrust the perfect accuracy of the imitation, notwithstanding the closeness of the study. The same extraordinary degree of exactness is carried through every part of the picture, even to the reflections of surrounding objects in the bright surface of the silver urn on the table, the garden hat and bird of paradise plume in it, the sprig of scarlet geranium, the Indian scarf, the straw hat on the ground, full of chestnuts, brought in by the children, who play with hips and haws together on the grass; the red leather-seated chair, taken possession of by the old pet water-spaniel—all these details, and many more, are painted with an attention and exercise of skill far beyond the importance that attaches to them in the picture, were it not that we see that the painter is enforcing a view of his own, and that this is directly opposed to all received notions about painting. It is pleasant and natural to see a family enjoying the pure air and sunlight in this way in the flesh, therefore it is good to paint them so. This seems to be the idea in a portrait picture of this kind, to paint everything in unaffected simplicity just as it is. The reality with which every object is put upon the canvas is most striking, although there is not a total abnegation of arrangement in the picture; and the portraits are no doubt irreproachable for fidelity; but while many will ask what more do we require in a portrait, there will be at least some who, we imagine, will not be disposed to accept this portraiture of the new school. The exhibition, however, is one that cannot fail to interest apart from this remarkable portrait group.—*London Daily News.*

## *SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE GRAND REVIEW.*

### FIRST DAY.—ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

#### GENERAL CUSTER.

THE Third cavalry approaches, and while it is yet far in the distance a notable and romantic episode occurs. A horseman is seen dashing up the street at break-neck pace. His large bay horse, of almost baronial blood, leaps in the air as if it were his proper element, and with the suppleness of a servant. His flanks bend to his shoulder, and his curving neck swoops down to his saddle pommel. Only a centaur should keep his seat on such a stallion. But the horseman, whose white gauntlets are wound in the taut reins, had tamed men as well as horses. His name is Custer, and he is of a shape to recal the picturesqueness of feudal years, of a spirit indomitable and erratic. His complexion is that of a follower of Odin, the fair and ruddy, and set in a sunrise of golden hair, which ripples upon his blue shoulders, shrouding the double stars; and on his left arm hangs a broad wreath of evergreens.

#### A RUNAWAY.

His steed, as if in the lists, has leaped so high as to throw his rider's foot from the stirrup, and shake his sword from its scabbard. His hat blows away, and in the sunshine his locks, unskeined, stream a foot behind him. It is a runaway, like the charge of a Sioux chieftain, and all the people rise half in wonder, half in shudder. The cheer that was to have greeted him falls to a sibilant hush—a dozen orderlies sweep in pursuit, the President and Cabinet start up in involuntary fear; but to those passing, Custer throws a rapid salute, and bends his wild horse's bit down to his stirrups, and stops him as if a strong man's will had chained a thunderbolt. So tamed and docile the steed ambles back, the President salutes this soldier-Rarey, and the street rings with the involuntary homage of the everyday heart to the man of romance. Custer should have lived in a less sordid age. His day passed half away at Ashby de la Zouche. The staff of Custer is of his own dashing mettle, and they as well as his entire division wear red neck-cloths—the oddest, most fanciful, and most effective device in the army. Now comes the cavalry—three divisions—and an artillery brigade.

#### DAVIES AND DEVIN.

The second is commanded by General Davies, the first, which is last in order, by General T. C. Devin. Davies is a tall, splendid figure, and his staff ride wicked horses, which seem disposed on this plain street to reenact the dramatic scenes of war. They back into each other and entangle themselves excellently, and straighten out superbly again, in time to swing their swords of salutation and hear the deep mutter of the receiving drums. Devin is a dignified, soldierly gentleman, with as excellent a staff. These staff officers are the social ornament of our army. They ride splendildy, and are clothed as the best officers of the world. The cavalry of our army numbered about ten thousand. Critical analysis sets it at eight thousand. Mere observers who are not used to see troops in motion, as high as twenty thousand. The horses of the cavalry were the best for service in the world; those of the officers showed our equine ability at its best, being spirited, supple, and full of the spirit of the display, as handsome as anything ever painted by Landseer, and so far partaking of the interest in the war that we might call them not only veteran soldiers, but enthusiastic patriots. The rags of the rank and file were in many cases so poor as to evoke a laugh, but those who laugh knew nothing of horses. Their shapes, despite their slimness, exhibited both their capacity for hard work as well as their past services. They were not more meagre than the men, and had as much cause to be dilapidated.

#### THE POWERS THAT BE.

Mr. Johnson sits in the centre of the front, more cheerful and more handsome than we have ever remarked him. At his right is Stanton, with his deeply indented face, with whom converses General Grant, clad in a peaked varnished hat which he never removes, and looking as if he wanted something, it must be his cigar. Beside Grant is a huge colonel, dusky-faced, and with such high-cheek bones that we recognize him at once for an aboriginal. He is Grant's favored aid, and has so intensely imbibed the spirit of the North, that a few days ago he said: "You white men are Christians, and may forgive the murder. I am of a race which never forgives the murder of a friend."

#### SECRETARY SEWARD.

On the rearmost seat of this thickly-packed stand, sits a small and meagre figure, very bloodless and grave, talking with one of the foreign ministers. His hair, of a sandy gray, seems now much grayer. Is it a scar upon his mouth, or do we only see it because we look for it? This is Secretary Seward, who has arisen from the grave to see the flower of the soldiery for whose cause he contended coming triumphantly back, and the gilded servants of the monarchs with whom he corresponded at hand to share his gratulation. Out of the grave! why this is into the clouds, to look upon eighty thousand immortals and know that we are one of them!

#### THE BODY OF THE ARMY.

The infantry ensuing comprised the Ninth, Fifth and Second corps, and a division of the Twenty-ninth, in all, say fifty thousand footmen. There were large escorts attached to the brigades of each, and to each a brigade of artillery. The commanders of these corps, Parke, Griffin and Humphries, were splendid soldiers, superbly mounted, and down the protracted lines reached miles of battle-flags, all scarred and torn, with regimental standards fluttering betwixt glory and annihilation, some with star-fields lost, others with stripes extinguished, and only a few intact or new, to tell how kind hands had made them fresh as they were already illustrious.

### SECOND DAY.—GEN. SHERMAN'S ARMY.

The two armies had equal chances in the procession. They occupied six hours each in passing. The Army of the West lost Hooker in the review, that of the East lost Sheridan. Meade's army had only a part of its infantry—Sherman's none of its cavalry. The superior conversance of Meade with Washington city enabled him to so defile his forces that not a gap occurred along the entire route, but Sherman's men once or twice broke in sections for long distances, marring the unity of his procession. Meade's army was composed of the most conventional levies—Sherman's of the most individual. The army of the East was composed of citizens—that of the West of pioneers. A gentleman, socially so-called, would have preferred the display of Meade. His men had more readable faces, better characterization, and were less wild and *outre* in their expression. A pioneer would have most applauded the review of Sherman, because his men were hardier, knottier, and weirder. Meade represented the army of the East, being a graceful and accomplished commander. Logan, and not Sherman, was the West's representative soldier. The army of the West marched, as a rule, better than the East, if rigid mathematical time-keeping is the best of good training. Its constituents were, in physiognomy, just the men for dashing adventures, prolonged advances, and reckless fighting; but Meade's men bore the impress of intelligent patience like that which sat before Richmond four defeated years, and in the end had the pluck to pass over the bastions of Petersburg. The officers of Sherman were less punctilious in externals than those of Meade. His staff officers were not so neatly garbed, his line officers were more indifferent to their wardrobe. The West was the best army for a republic, the East for a standing army, and New York troops generally speaking were the best Meade had to show. Illinois troops, casually remarked, were the flower of Sherman's veterans. The absence of cavalry which would have quite embarrassed Sherman, so far as the spirit of his entertainment went, was made up by series of contrabands and many odd concomitants in the shape of mules, fowls, and dogs, which the soldiers took along. Sherman had less artillery than Meade. The battle flags of both were equally riddled. Harmony prevailed among the partisans of both armies. The country was proud of them all. Their deeds are alike, their fames are equal; their reviews were the most wonderful panorama in American history.

#### GEN. SHERMAN.

Sherman was the idol of the day. As he approached the reviewing stand the acclamations were without precedent, surpassing, if possible, those of yesterday. Sherman has won his way to the popular heart. Although in appearance, as he approached, on his shining bay horse, he lost that towering, commanding appearance for which he is notable. So soon as the word was passed through the crowd, "that's Sherman," "there's Sherman," the whole assemblage in the rising tiers of seats stood, and waved, and shouted as if he had been the personal friend of each and every one of them. He wore the celebrated old slouch hat without a single badge of decoration—the embroidered U. S. in front. The rest of his toilet was made with unusual care. Sherman loses something of his commanding presence as he rides in the street, but afterwards as he appeared on the stand with uncovered head, the long forehead, the grizzly red head (shaggy, though, for this day, evenly cropped), and his thin, muscular face, his determination and destructive character stand prominently out.

#### GEN. LOGAN.

Major-General John A. Logan assumes command of the army of the Tennessee this morning, and a few minutes after General Sherman's escort had passed, rode up in magnificent style. His horse was decked with wreaths and flowers. General Logan's long, straight, black hair and fierce black moustache and swarthy complexion, which, together with his name, suggest aboriginal extraction, made him a marked personage. He is known to be as brave as Julius Cæsar, and carries his bravery to the extreme of recklessness. He was one of the first officers in Illinois to call recruits to his standard, and at the first engagement of General Grant held equal rank at Donelson and Shiloh, and at Vicksburg he was conspicuous for his bravery. At the latter siege he fearlessly pitched his tent in front of the enemy's batteries, and persisted in living there while he sent his men and officers to the rear. Logan has fought his way up from a colonelcy, until he commands a separate army under the eye of the Lieutenant-General, almost continuously until the separation at Chattanooga. He is known as a brilliant orator, as well as a trusty commander.

#### THE MARCHING.

It was a noticeable feature of these men, that although dusty and uncleansed from the soils of their long march, their soldierly bearing shone clearly through all disguises. The western army has adopted the slouch felt hat instead of the smart regulation cap, being more protection from the hot sun and more comfortable in the cold. They stepped into Washington this morning fresh from a desert country. They have entered no civilized city since many of them passed through Nashville—no city where the traces of war and devastation were not visible. Could these men have been reviewed as they passed in review through Goldsboro', they would have resembled Falstaff's ragged recruits, with scarcely a whole garment in the army. Most of them have been furnished with new trousers and shoes, although we saw some of them barefooted. Barbers are evidently not plentiful in the army of Sherman. All seemed to have well-filled knapsacks; seven thousand miles of marching have taught them the secret of foot-travel. The marching was, if possible, superior to that of yesterday, although in some other important respects the discipline was inferior. The Western troops have generally a more slovenly and careless way of marching, but whatever graces they may lack in parade are more than atoned for in their heroic fighting.

#### GEN. CORSE.

The Fourth division was, perhaps, the most conspicuous of the corps. It was led by the intrepid Gen. Corse, of Iowa, who rendered himself famous by his celebrated defence of Altoona Pass against Hood's army, thereby saving the million of rations on which Sherman's army depended. His response to Gen. Sherman, who signaled him from the mountain to hold on as long as possible, is characteristic of the man—"We will keep them out till we are shot to pieces"—his cheek having been shot away and his staff all wounded at the moment.

#### THE FIFTEENTH CORPS AND THE NEGROES.

The whole corps mustered, notwithstanding its depletions, about sixteen thousand men, and well wears its unique badge, the cartridge-box and forty rounds. The celebrated Engineer regiment of Col. Yates, eighteen hundred strong, followed with a couple of canvas pontoons. These are the men who wrought and struggled so manfully to keep open the railroad communication of Sherman, carrying the shriek of the locomotive close upon the rear of Johnston's retreating army. Each brigade was preceded by a battalion of pioneers, half colored, who carried their axes and shovels with a very soldierly air. In fact the introduction of the colored element was the feature of the day, who, although none of them carried muskets, were loudly cheered in passing.

#### THE BUMMERS' BRIGADE.

Any representation of Sherman's army would have been far from complete which omitted the celebrated Bummers' brigade. These foragers, black and white, composed the most incongruous, as it was certainly the most comical, appendage ever seen with any army. After Blair's corps had passed, came two diminutive donkeys, astride of which were two equally diminitive but gleeful darkies; closely following this was a collection of mules, young horses, and broken-down nags, upon which were loaded tents, baggage, utensils, kettles, swords, pigs, chickens cats, dogs, racoons, picaninnies, black women, strudging along in the dusty rabble were the blackest of negroes and all the thousand and one appurtenances of camp life. In fact it may be truly said that Sherman's army presented the same general aspects on its way through the city as it did through the Carolinas' only with much more order. It is understood they choose a fresh camp to-night. This gave a varied picture of the way in which Sherman made war by living on the enemy. Only by this means could he have cut loose from his base and made his admirable swoop down to the coast. —*Geo. Alfred Townsend, in the World.*

## *RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT.*

#### MANNERS AND HABITS.

IN his manners, dress, and style of living, Grant displays more republican simplicity than any other general officer of the army. In manner he is very unassuming and approachable, and his conversation is noticeable from its unpretending, plain, and straightforward style. There is nothing didactic nor pedantic in his tone or language. His rhetoric is more remarkable for the compact structure than the elegance and finish of his sentences. He talks practically, and writes as he talks; and his language, written and oral, is distinguished by strong common sense. He seldom indulges in figurative language; but when he does, his comparisons betray his habits of close observation. He dresses in a careless but by no means slovenly manner. Though his uniform conforms to army regulations in cut and trimmings, it is often, like that of Sherman, worn threadbare. He never wears any article which attracts attention by its oddity, except, indeed, the three stars which indicate his rank. His wardrobe, when campaigning, is generally very scant, while his headquarter train is often the smallest in the army. For several months past he has been living in a log-hut of unpretending dimensions on the James River, sleeping on a common camp-cot, and eating at a table common to all his staff, plainly furnished with good roast beef, pork and beans, "hard-tack," and coffee. It is related of the General that when the march to the rear of Vicksburg began, he announced to his army the necessity of "moving light," *i.e.*, without extra baggage. He set an example by sending to the rear all his baggage except a green brier-root pipe, a tooth-brush, and a horn pocket-comb.

#### PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Grant is not so tall as Sherman nor so heavy as Thomas. His short stature would have made it difficult for him to enlist in the British army. He is but an inch above the miuimum standard of officers of our army, but being straight and somewhat spare, he has the appearance of being above medium height. Sheridan and Logan are the only Major-Generals in our army who are shorter in figure than Grant. His forehead is high and square. His hair was originally a dark brown, but at forty-three, his present age, it is fast becoming sprinkled with iron-gray. His eyes are sharp and expressive, though small, peering out from under his overarching brow with great brilliancy. His nose is aquiline. His mouth is small, and he has a habit of closely compressing his lips. His chin and cheeks are covered with a heavy beard, which he never shaves but keeps closely cropped or trimmed.

#### AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The following story of Grant may be apocryphal. If true, however, it is a fine commentary on his character. If not true, it shows that the trait of firmness is such a prominent one that anecdotes have been originated to illustrate it. The story runs that immediately after the battle of Shiloh, Gen. Buell began criticising, in a friendly way, what he termed the bad policy displayed by Grant in fighting with the Tennessee River in his rear.

"Where, if beaten, could you have retreated, General?" asked Buell.

"I didn't mean to be beaten," was Grant's reply.

"But suppose you had been beaten?"

"Well, there were all the transports to cross the river."

"But, General," urged Buell, "your whole number of transports could not contain over ten thousand men, and you had fifty thousand engaged.

"Well," said Grant, "ten thousand men is as many as there would have been left to cross."

#### AT FORT DONELSON.

A fine illustration of his practical turn of mind is found in a story related of him when operating before Fort Donelson. On the night before the surrender, the preparations of a portion of the rebels to evacuate the Fort led Gen. McClernand to believe they were meditating an attack, and he communicated his suspicions to Grant, at the same time sending him a prisoner who had been captured but a short time before. On reading McClernand's dispatch, Grant ordered the prisoner's haversack to be searched. It was found that it was filled with rations. "If the rebels intend to hold the fort they would not encumber their men with rations. They are preparing to leave," was the very sage and practical reasoning of the General; and he immediately ordered McClernand to assume the offensive. The result was that a commanding ridge, near Dover, south of the fort, was carried, and only a portion of the garrison escaped; the remainder capitulated.

#### HIS OPINION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

A short time after he assumed personal supervision of Meade's army, General Oglesby asked him what he thought of its *personnel*.

"This is a very fine army," he replied, "and these men I am told have fought with great courage and bravery. I think, however, that the Army of the Potomac *has never fought its battles through*." It certainly fought them through at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and on the Appomattox, and fully confirmed Grant's faith in the superior endurance of the men.

#### HIS FAITH IN SUCCESS.

During the battles of the Wilderness an aid brought the Lieutenant-General news of a serious disaster to the Second Corps, which was vigorously attacked by A. P. Hill. "I don't believe it," was the slow answer of Grant, inspired by his faith in his success. The aid was sent back for further reports, and found that the reported disaster had been exaggerated.—*Harper's Monthly for June.*

## *THE BOSTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.*

CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY—A CHOIR OF 600 VOICES, AND AN ORCHESTRA OF 100 INSTRUMENTS.

BOSTON, Sunday Evening, May 21, 1865.

I HAVE just come from the rehearsal of that work of wondrous inspiration, Mendelssohn's Lobegesang, or Hymn of Praise, and I feel half inclined to anticipate my criticism of the performance, but I think it would be hardly fair, and shall, therefore, refrain. One thing, however, I must say, that I thought we were fast enough in New York, but when the Conductor of the Festival, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, commenced that trumpet-voiced Invocation, the Symphonic Introduction, a little fast, and took the incomparable second movement—a poem of doubting, weeping and sorrowing, combined with stern exhortations of Faith—at the waltz tempo, I acknowledged that in Boston they were faster than we are. I was only able to hear one-half of the vocal portion of the Lobegesang, for fear of losing the post, and regret to say that every movement was so fast that not only the spirit and scope of the music was lost, but the choral vocal points were rendered impossible—so fast, indeed, that the conductor could not keep the masses in hand, he now overrunning them, and presently they him. I trust that some friendly suggestion will alter this before the day of performance.

Boston has kept its faith as far as the *materiel* of the orchestra is concerned. It is splendid; the band large and capable, and the chorus, in numbers far exceeding any congregation of such character that we have seen in America; vocally most excellent. To drill such a vast chorus in so many great works must have been an herculean task, and Mr. Zerrahn deserves warm praise for having accomplished that task so successfully, judging from what we have heard.

When I entered that magnificent Music Hall, and viewed its vast proportions; when I saw that imposing organ, so exquisite in its exterior, and so grand and majestic in its sonorous power, and when I heard the chorus of six hundred voices, I felt deeply humiliated to think that Metropolitan New York, with all its wealth, its liberality, its luxury, and its enlightenment, is eclipsed utterly by a city of one-fifth its population. We have no hall fit for a great choral festival; we have no organ competent to sustain such a festival; and our people have too little true musical enthusiasm to combine, and to devote time to the development of such an undertaking. Choral societies, with us, have always proved selfish and unfaithful. We have had associations of two and three hundred voices; they would practice together, but on the night of performance more than one-half of them would be found among the audience. If I could transport Hall, Organ, and Chorus to New York, admiration and shame would accomplish what it is our degradation not to possess. We have among us enough of men of means, taste and liberality who would come forward and remove from us the slur which rests upon us of being so immeasurably behind Boston in those points which are the pride and add to the art reputation of that city. A movement of this kind must be urged, and if urged earnestly and intelligently, I feel the most perfect confidence that it can be speedily and successfully accomplished.

BOSTON, May 23, 1865.

THE first performance of the grandest musical festival that our country has ever seen, took place at the Music Hall, this morning, at 11 o'clock. The proportions of the musical departments far exceeded the promise held out by the advertisement. Instead of 600 singers there were nearly 750, and instead of 100 instruments there were nearly 120. The stringed quartette presented the following proportions: 22 first violins; 21 second violins; 10 violas; 10 violincelli, and 12 contra-bassi. There were, besides, 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 4 clarionettes, 4 bassoons, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 2 cornets-a-piston, 3 trombones, 1 tuba and 1 serpent, 1 tympanium, 3 side-drums, 1 bass-drum, and cymbals, and triangle. Eight more first violins would have been worth a thousand dollars for the acme of musical effect; but as it was, it was so imposing and so admirable that we can hardly say it needed any addition. And after all this came the great organ—that instrument of wonderful power and beauty—which swelled up the multitudinous sound to a grand unity, giving by its 32-feet pedals a base sufficiently mighty to sustain the brilliant and powerful superstructure. A combination so vast, and in all parts so admirable, has never before been known in America. I found the great Music Hall but sparsely filled, the weather operating very seriously against the attendance. The platform was built out some 30 or 40 feet in front of the great organ, and from it on either side seats rose up extending to the back of the Hall and up to the second gallery. In a few minutes after the chorus began to come in, every seat was filled. The ladies were by no means dressed uniformly. There were opera cloaks of every color, red, blue, ultra blue, gray, black, and white. Next entered the instrumentalists, the solo singers and the Conductor, with some of the officers of the Society. The appearance at this moment was brilliant and imposing. The Conductor, baton in hand, mounted his stand and said a few words which we could not catch, and a pause ensued. Suddenly he faced the audience, placed himself in a graceful pose, and remained stationary. At first this ominous pause puzzled me, but suddenly the thought flashed upon me!—the whole orchestra was being—photographed! My first impulse was to exclaim against the public vanity of our Boston cousins, but the hearty shouts of laughter which burst out at the close of the operation, in which the whole audience joined, proved that to nearly all it was an unexpected surprise, the humor of which struck every one simultaneously.

The great body of chorus is composed of fine fresh voices, displaying a larger amount of cultivation than is usually found in such assemblages. This is mainly accounted for by the fact that a very large proportion of the singers, lady and gentlemen, belong to the highest class of Boston society, most of them excellent amateur singers, who, when art is concerned, are not too proud to sing in the choruses. O, Gotham! when will thy people in high places do the like? What mighty social revolution must occur before thy children of wealth and fashion would arch even an eyebrow for the cause of Art?

Immediately after the episode alluded to above, the Conductor tapped his desk, and the whole body of the chorus rose. It was a magnificent sight, but its impression faded into nothing when, on the first beat, the whole strength of voices, instruments, and organ burst out into the grand old chorale, "God is a castle and defense," with which Nicolai's Religious Festival Overture commences. It exceeded in grandeur of effect, in massive unity of sound, and sublimity of sentiment, anything I have ever heard. It made my heart beat faster and was a sensation worth living for.

The overture is curiously constructed. Commencing with a chorale, the stringed instruments begin a fugue in long measure, which is gradually amplified and strengthened by the other instruments, and as the voices again take up the chorale the figure becomes more intricate and the counterpoint closer and more brilliant. It is certainly a learned and grandly effective composition, and its culminating point at the final Amen can hardly be exceeded in majesty and force.

At the close of this fine performance, Dr. Upham, the President of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the gentleman to whose intelligent efforts and untiring perseverance the City of Boston not only owes her splendid Music Hall (which is used for no other than musical purposes), but the great organ also, delivered an address, in which he gave a brief sketch of that Society from its commencement fifty years ago.

At the close of the address commenced Mendelssohn's div